

October 3, 1942

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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Printed in Australia for  
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newspaper.

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## Wizard night landing at sea

### Bomber crew saved after day adrift

"I've been so close to death that I thought it had come and it's only by a stroke of good fortune that I'm in hospital and able to write to you."

This is how Sgt. Robert Powell, wireless air-gunner with the R.A.A.F. obdred, broke the news to his mother, Mrs. E. Powell, in Rozelle, N.S.W., that his plane had crashed in the sea.

"**W**E went on that trip, escorted the convoy, then started for home, and ended up getting lost hopelessly," he writes. "We kept flying until we ran out of petrol, then the pilot asked if we wished to jump over land or come down on the sea and take a chance on being able to get out."

"We decided to hit the water, and as there have been few successful landings of Hudsons at night you can see how lucky I am to be here. Then we destroyed all the secret equipment and collected the things we needed in the dinghy and got ready for the crash, which is like an express train hitting buffers."

"The pilot started to circle, and one of the engines cut, but he kept going and made a wizard landing."

"Then began the rush to get out, release the dinghy and scramble into it, all in about 90 seconds, so you can guess how we moved."

"We finally got everyone aboard to find we were still attached to the sinking craft, and unable to find the shears to cut the wire holding us."

"We managed to pull ourselves to the kite, and I opened the door from the outside, groped for the switch to jettison the door, and eventually got it free. But the waves kept jamming us under the tail, and I think I must have got the cut on my head from that. However, we got away. All this took only a few minutes, but it seemed much longer."

"Luckily it wasn't too cold, even though we hit at 12.40 a.m., but it's very uncomfortable with all your clothes wet sitting in water for hours. We found the paddles, most awkward things I've ever seen, and



SUNTANNED A.I.F. men near a giant anthill in Northern Australia. Snapshot sent by Driver A. E. Leigh to his family in Redfern, N.S.W.

tried to get near the land, about 40 miles away."

"It sounds funny now, but the dinghy is round, and the paddles are made so that you can put your arm inside and row with your arm, which exhausts you in about 15 minutes—if you weren't rowing for your life—and until you get used to it, round in circles you go."

"One of the boys was injured in the arm, and the pilot had had cuts on the head (I didn't notice my own then). They became seasick, so that left two of us to do the rowing to stop us drifting farther out to sea, and of course no thought of sleep was possible."

"Well, we kept very cheerful, and hoped for morning to come as soon as possible, and, boy, was it a great sight to see the sun come up at about 6.30 a.m."

"All this time we'd been paddling with a pretty hefty current against us, when we saw a plane. We fired off cartridges, but the people in it being neutrals made no attempt to even come near us."

"We decided we had to reach land and that day rather than spend another night in the water, even if we died in the attempt, and having no water didn't improve matters. But we had some iron rations (dry biscuits, gum, and milk tablets), and we kept those until it became essential to eat some."

"Well, paddle in turn, at times getting closer to land, and then currents changed and washed us farther away, but we kept up the struggle, which to me now seems wholly futile, but at least kept us from getting too far from land."

"By this time we were so tired with our unusual exertion that we started to tell one another how to do things, which is the worst thing in the world. But we still tried to help one another, and no thought of giving up hope, though by this time it was round midday, and no sign of any help, and things were getting pretty drastic."

"The observer and I wanted to swim ashore, but we had no way of telling whether we were ten or fifty miles away, as it all looks the same on the water."

"About two o'clock I decided to get undressed and get in the water, swim and tow the dinghy as far

as I could. The water was like ice, but managed to keep going for about half an hour, and made pretty good progress, then I was just about exhausted and had to crawl back in the boat and just lie there, flat out."

"At 3 o'clock we heard the most joyful sound in the world, an aircraft engine, so we fired cartridges and they sighted us and went back for help, and I can tell you that I cried like a big baby when I recognised the Hudson."

"They dropped some food, and then at 5.30 p.m. a Catalina landed, and we piled in and arrived here at about 7.30 p.m."

"I've never had so much attention for years—hot blankets, food, cheering, and, best of all, a nice warm bed."

Sig. D. C. Love at an advanced Allied base to his sister, Mrs. S. Langfeldt, Ormeau, Qld.

"**O**UR ack-ack fire shot the tail off a Jap plane and one of the crew fell out. He didn't have a parachute; they very seldom carry them."

"He had a photo of himself and his wife and two children with him. One of our native boys is writing to his mother, and is very serious over it. He keeps on asking us how to spell words."

"He said to me, 'Do you come from Australia?' and I said 'Yes,' and he said 'Australia number one, you number first.'"

Sister D. Williams in the Middle East to Mrs. E. Beck, Glenhuntly, Vic.

"**T**HE flowers in our garden at the hospital here are fine at present—zinnias, marigolds, and soon we will have chrysanthemums, with the tomato plants doing well."

"The management of the garden is rather difficult."

"A camel team comes on the scene, a small boy digs out the sand to the depth of about a foot on the area where the garden bed is to be. The camels sit down while the baskets are filled. There is no hurry, but the job gets done!"

"When the foot excavation is made, Nile mud is brought and the bed is then flooded—6 to 10 inches. Plants are put in, and they never seem to go back."

"We are hard at work again and living on rations now, but the diet is quite good."

"The Egyptians have been suffering a great shortage of flour just before their new season's crop comes in."

"There was a funny story in the paper a few days ago of some grave-diggers who found business slow, so they used coffins to bring bread from Cairo to their country village, and there sold the bread for twice as much as they paid for it!"

## Interesting People



MRS. R. BEATSON  
... Spotter

**O**NE of Australia's expert aircraft spotters is Mrs. R. Beatson, of Victoria, formerly Miss Jean Robertson, well known in the motor industry. She holds a pilot's A licence, and many prizes for car reliability tests.

The entire Beatson household at their station home forms a unit of Australian Volunteer Air Observers Corps network on a 24-hour watch.



WING-COMMANDER F. A. SEWELL  
... W.A.A.A.F. officers

**A**CTING Wing-Commander F. A. Sewell, D.F.C., is Officer Commanding first R.A.A.F. Administration School for W.A.A.A.F. officers. Graduates may be posted anywhere in Australia as administrative officers in charge of W.A.A.A.F. at Air Force stations or at training schools.

Wing-Commander Sewell served with Australian Flying Corps in last war. Joined R.A.A.F. in 1939. Since then has been posted to various training schools.



MISS KATHLEEN FARR  
... Veterinary appointment

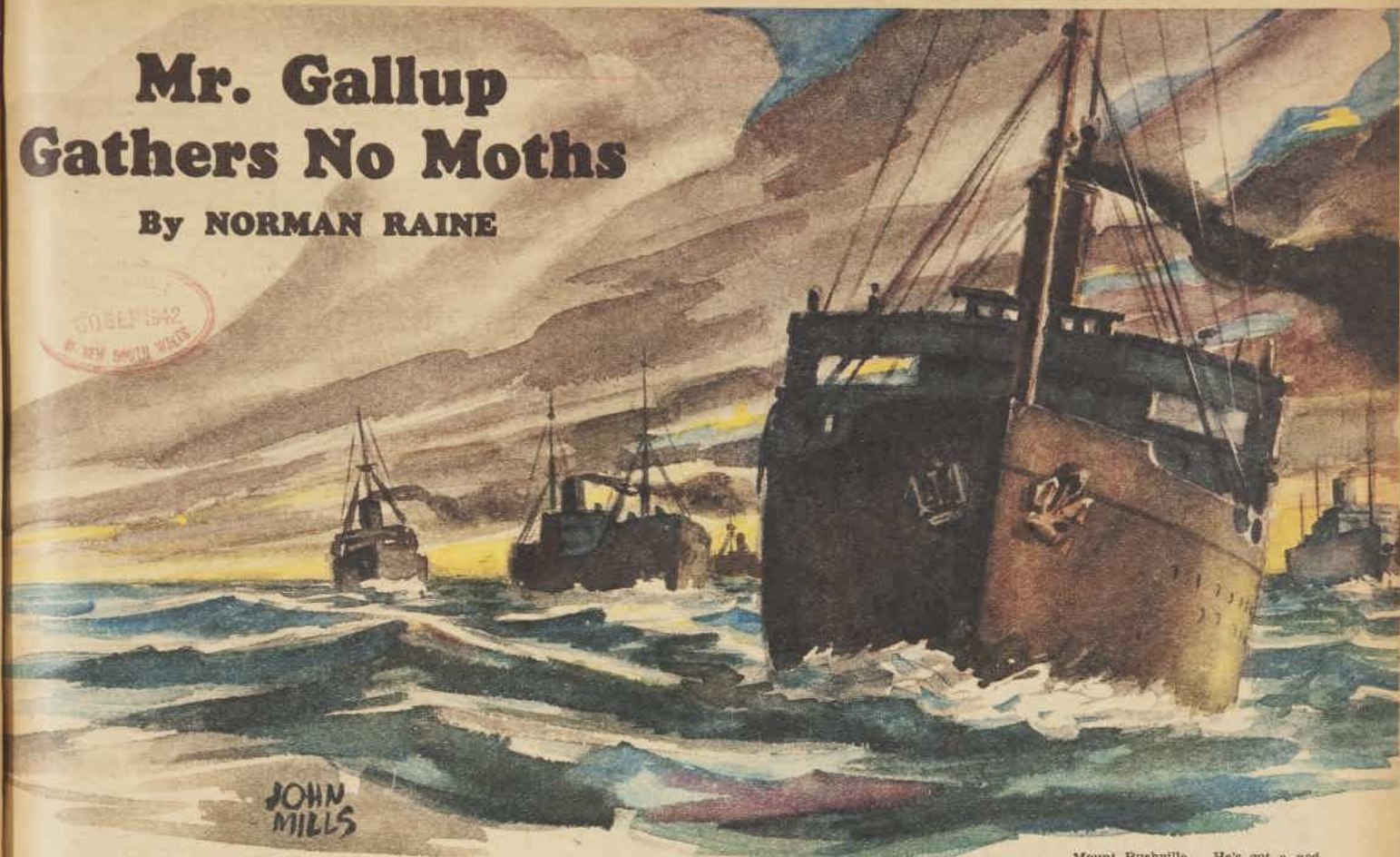
**R**ECENTLY appointed veterinary surgeon, North Melbourne Animal Welfare League Hospital, Miss Kathleen Farr took her Bachelor of Veterinary Science at Sydney University.

Before her present appointment was veterinary officer with N.S.W. Department of Agriculture. In 1940 acted as veterinary officer at race meetings in Geelong, Victoria. A yachting enthusiast, she has won many races.



# Mr. Gallup Gathers No Moths

By NORMAN RAINE



**T**HE Jaipur Prince, London to New York, surged through a sea grey with rain and fog, answering systematically the deep-throated warnings of other sea wanderers as they groped cautiously through the murk.

Her after five-inch gun was cocked at an unseemly angle and great jagged rents spoiled the steel symmetry of the after house. Had one been able to look over the shoulder of Mr. Belial Gallup, her elderly third mate, as he painstakingly indited a letter in his cabin, one would have learned the reason thereof.

"Bombs," wrote Mr. Gallup, wetting his stub of pencil, "what them there Nazis dropped on us as we was comin' through the Channel." He was interrupted by a cheerful rat-tat on the door and looked up.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Sharp, is it?" he greeted the youthful second mate. "Come right in, young sir, and moor yer starn to that there settee while I finish this letter to Iris. You've heerd me speak of her, no doubt."

"I have, Mr. Gallup. Frequently. Also of your five sprats."

"True enough, sir," said Mr. Gallup, highly gratified. "And a sixth on the way and ready for launching, come July." He shook his head. "She'll be entering a funny world, sir."

"She can be thankful that she has still got a father, Mr. Gallup. That was a very narrow squeak we had."

"We was lucky, Mr. Sharp, and if we gets through this here dust-up widout gettin' our breeches wet, we'll be luckier still. However, that kind of luck ails comes in threes, and I've had two of 'em. So—"

"Two?" Mr. Sharp's eyes widened. "But this was our first voyage into the war zone and back. And nothing much happened on the way over."

"Very true," assented Mr. Gallup. "But remember the voyage afore when we was laid up at Galveston? I was gave a chance to ship out in a tanker—the Mount Rushville it was. A second mate's berth and good money. I knowed the old chief in her. Mr. Clark. That's how I got the bid for the job. But another feller was luckier than me. And what happened to that there Mount Rushville?"

"She dropped out of the convoy wid engine trouble and disappeared widout trace."

Mr. Gallup held up a calloused,

significant forefinger. "And we knows wot that means! Lost wid all hands."

"The Nazis got her!" "Mr. Sharp!" A hard-weather roar from the lower bridge deck overhead interrupted him. "Mr. Sharp! Where is that scrim-shanking imitation of a second mate?"

"I reckon that's you the Old Man's wanting," said Mr. Gallup mildly. "He always gets his tail in a uproar getting into port. And p'raps," he added, cannily, levering his tall, ungainly frame to his feet, "I'd mebbe show me own beeter, case he changes his mind about that there leave o' mine."

When the Jaipur Prince was secured alongside her Brooklyn berth and the multitudinous niggling jobs that are a third mate's lot had been attended to, Mr. Gallup stepped ashore with a battered old suitcase and a light heart.

The sun was warm, and a beer sign drew Mr. Gallup into a bar.

He swallowed a glass of beer in a long, satisfying gulp, then sat back contentedly and looked about him for someone to talk to.

There being no one within range, however, he sat back and was about to start upon his second glass when a door opened and a big-bodied, shirt-sleeved man, obviously descending from an upper floor of the establishment, entered the bar.

That he was a seafaring man Mr. Gallup knew instinctively. But there was something else about the broad beefy face and the pale blue glint of the weather-wrinkled eyes that struck a responsive chord in Mr. Gallup's memory.

Carefully, painstakingly, he reconstructed a scene in his memory. That afternoon in Galveston nearly two months before, when he was visiting his friend Clark on board the tanker Mount Rushville just before she sailed upon her fatal voyage to the war zone.

Toward the conclusion of his visit, a rap had come on the door and a beefy-faced man in an oiler's dungarees had appeared, to announce that a circulating-pump casting had been corroded through. The chief had given directions for its disposal; then, as the man had turned to go, "Braun!" said the chief, and the man turned back.

"Sir?"

*Silhouetted against the sunset sky were the ships of the convoy.*

"I hear you were insolent to the second last night. Any more of that and you go out of the ship! Now mind!"

The beefy face had flushed an angry purple. "He got smart and I told him off, that's all. Anyway, I'm signed on here, and you can have me logged all the days pay you like. But you cannot put me out of the ship."

There was something about that "out" which had registered in Mr. Gallup's ears, attuned, after a lifetime of seafaring, to every forecastle tongue on the globe.

"Sounds like a German," Mr. Gallup had said, after Braun had disappeared. "Is he?"

"Says he's a South African," the chief had replied. "Anyway, he thinks himself a cut above his mates. Needs taking down a peg."

If the Mount Rushville had been lost at sea with all hands, presumably through enemy action, why was Braun sitting in a Brooklyn bar?

Half-filled glass in hand, Mr.

## He set himself to beat the Nazi traitors at their own game

Gallup crossed to the beefy-faced man's table.

"Hello there," said he affably, not quite sure if this was the accepted way of greeting a ghost. "Ain't I seed you afore some place?"

"Might be." The beefy-faced man's tone was non-committal. "I've been around for forty-odd years, so a lot of people must have seen me."

"Ha-ha! Wery good!" Mr. Gallup chuckled appreciatively. "You're a bit of a wag, I see! But I mean, ain't your name Braun? Didn't I see you in the Mount Rushville at Galveston a while back?"

"You did not. I ain't been in Galveston for more than ten years—and my name ain't Braun."

"Braun," corrected Mr. Gallup. The beefy-faced man dug into his pocket and produced a seaman's discharge book bearing the name of Henry A. Wilson.

"Well, we all makes mistakes," Mr. Gallup said sententially.

"Praps ye'll fine me in one on the strength of it?"

Over the refreshment, Mr. Gallup commented, "I see by yon discharge book that ye've just signed on as an oiler in the Steelside."

The beefy-faced man put down his glass and stared at Mr. Gallup.

"You're quite a hand at asking questions, ain't you?" he said.

"No offence gave you none intended," said Mr. Gallup humbly. "Ye see, friend, I'm one o' them rolling stones wot gathers no moths, and when ye're on the beach and a famly to keep—well, poverty's no disgrace, but wery unhandy. And I thought mebbe ye could put in a word for me on the Steelside. Deck or black gang, it's all the same to me. I've made many a voyage in both."

"She's bung up and bilge free," said the beefy-faced man. "Her crew's complete."

"Well, that's that, then," said Mr. Gallup, ruefully.

Slowly he got to his feet, stretched his ungainly frame in a yawn, and picked up his bag. "Well, friend," he said, "time I was pushin' off."

The beefy-faced man grunted non-committally.

When he raised his head, Mr. Gallup was gone, but not far. To be exact, he was at the open window, where he could watch the beefy-faced man draining the last of his beer. And as Braun set his glass down Mr. Gallup thrust his head close to the screen and in his sharpest, most peremptory deep-sea voice roared out the word, "Achtung!"

The beefy-faced man leaped from his chair as though shot up by a spring and stood, for a fraction of a second, rigidly to attention. Then, recollecting, and with beads of anxious sweat starting from his face, he rushed to the window. But Mr. Gallup was no longer there.

An hour later, Mr. Gallup, with his personal credentials spread out before him, was in conversation with a man in a small office fifty stories above downtown New York.

"Ye see, Mr. Chisholm," he was saying earnestly, "I know he's the same feller I seen that day on the

Mount Rushville. He's got a ned that, once saw, never forgot."

"A what?" Chisholm leaned forward, puzzled.

"A ned, sir," repeated Mr. Gallup patiently, and tapped his weather-beaten skull. "But there was something else about him—the cut of his jib. It fair smelled German navy—and that 'Achtung' I fired at him clinched it."

"But what do you propose to do? We can't just go out and pick up a man on your say-so. After all, this is a neutral country—"

"No, no! He mustn't be picked up, sir!" said Mr. Gallup, alarmed. "We got to find out what his game is."

"But unless he's questioned, how are we to—"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Gallup emphatically. "And nobody on that there wessel must be questioned. It's plain he couldn't do nothink alone, which means he's got somebody on board in cahoots wid him. And somebody pretty high up."

"But suppose," Mr. Gallup continued modestly, "a smart feller like me wos to sail in his place, akeeping his ears peeled, wid a proper follow-up by the admiralty through you, sir? How does that strike ye?"

"H'm'm'm. . . Yes, it might be arranged."

Three nights later Mr. Gallup was dragged from his untidy bunk in the black gang's fo'c'sle and hauled aft to face the hostile glare of Captain Olmsted, the Steelside's master, and the no less formidable eyes of Mr. Schreck, her chief engineer. Far astern were the last flickering lights of the American coast.

"Who are you? How did you get aboard?" the master demanded.

"Why, I dunno rightly, air," responded Mr. Gallup humbly, and felt gingerly a puffed right eye. "All I remember is, I met a feller name of Wilson, who said he was an oiler in this vessel and offered to get me a berth. We'd had a drink or two and was walking along the docks when another couple of fellers joined us and tried to cadge a dollar."

"One thing led to another, and we wos having a bit of fun fighting with each other when somethink hit me over the head, and when I woke up I was in the fo'c'sle foward there, and we wos at sea."

"You're a seafaring man?" asked the master.

Please turn to page 4



# GRACE BROS



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**STYLED FOR SMART MATRONS**  
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**GRACE BROS. LTD. PTY. BROADWAY, M.6506 SYDNEY**

# Mr. Gallup Gathers No Moths

Continued from page 3

"ALL me life, sir—stoker, oiler or donkeyman!" said Mr. Gallup promptly. "Here's me discharge book," and he handed over a worn and dog-eared object, stained with time and salt water and bearing an unflattering likeness of himself, together with the information that he, John William Bunker, had been discharged, sometimes honorably, frequently otherwise, from the black gangs of deep-water ships, beginning at the approximate age of sixteen.

They examined it suspiciously, heads together, while Mr. Gallup looked as stupid as possible.

"What happened to Wilson?" asked the chief abruptly, handing back the discharge book.

"Last I saw of him, sir," said Mr. Gallup, with relief, "he was ramming his noggin in one of the other fellows' stummick."

Again the chief and the shipmaster exchanged glances.

"It's too late to do anything about you now, Bunker," Captain Olmsted told him roughly. "So you'll work your passage. And mind you behave yourself, or you'll get more than a broken head."

When the Steelside joined her convoy the next day, Mr. Gallup was moving about far below in the hot, oily bowels of the ship. It was dusk, the rain had cleared, and far to each side, ahead and silhouetted against the sunset sky astern, were the ships of the convoy.

Mr. Gallup counted them. Thirty-five. Thirty-five, and crammed to the hatches with explosives, oil, food, and all the multitudinous sinews of war, while around their flanks roved the grim protecting war dogs.

During the next two or three days Mr. Gallup found himself in a state of mind wherein, while unremitting in his watchfulness, he began almost to believe that nothing would happen. On the evening of the fourth day out, therefore, when something did happen, it was a shock.

Mr. Gallup, in the black gang's dimly-lighted foc's'le, was just reaching for a second slab of pie when a sudden change in the rhythmic pulse and throb of the Steelside's progress caused him to pause.

His shipmates looked at one another. "Tillo," said a brawny, bristled-pated Cockney. "Wot's up wif the old gal now?" and after a second's pause: "Oh-oh, thought Mr. Gallup, with a strange tingling of the spine. Here it comes!

With characteristic prudence, he carried his pie to the shelf above his bunk, cached it, then went on deck. Slowly the Steelside was drifting to a halt, while the rest of the convoy surged past and into the fast-gathering darkness to eastward.

An Aldis lamp blinked from the bridge of an escorting corvette in answer to a signal from the Steelside, and Mr. Gallup judged rightly that the message had to do with whatever was causing the tanker to drop out of formation.

Mr. Gallup, trying to look casual, ambled towards the after end, every sense alert. Piled with deep un-easiness, he remained on deck while the last of the companion ships disappeared and the Steelside lay rolling, without forward motion, on the long, oily swell. Then, as a chime of the bell indicated that his watch was about to begin, he went below.

He passed the second engineer as he was descending. "Wot's amiss, Mr. Blake?" he asked.

"Seat of the feed-pump valve lifting," snapped the engineer. "It would have to happen here, where some U-boat can have an easy pot-shot at us."

Mr. Gallup continued downward. "Hm'm," he mused. "I wonder. If that is the trouble, it's only a two-hour delay and we've plenty of time to catch up. If not, well, we'll see."

While he worked, sweating in the hot and oily reek of the engine-room, he was busy conjuring up all manner of things that might threaten the Steelside or her cargo, but shortly before midnight, to his mild surprise, the rhythmic pounding of the engines resumed and she once more got under way.

Nothing much can happen now, he told himself, relieved. It must

have been a proper breakdown after all. Then he turned suddenly, as a hand grasped his arm. It was the chief engineer.

"What's the matter with your ears, Bunker?" he asked, over the pound of the machinery. "I've been yelling at you for two minutes!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Mr. Gallup humbly. "I didn't—"

"It's started, you dumbhead! Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"I know we've started again, sir," said Mr. Gallup reasonably. "I can see the engines turning. But—"

"I don't mean that," said the chief impatiently. "I mean—"

He stopped abruptly and stared at Mr. Gallup, his eyes narrowing. He said, "How long had you known Wilson before you came aboard here?"

"Wilson?" Mr. Gallup's mind still groped, his thinking knocked a bit adrift. He thought of the scene in Wilson's room above the Brooklyn bar parlor when he, with two British agents, had cornered the man. Caution came to him. "Why—why, sailing night was the first time—"

The chief interrupted him. "Yea. Of course." He eyed Mr. Gallup for a second or two longer, then said, "Never mind. It's not important. But I may need you below here to-night, so stay on watch. You'll have plenty of time to-morrow to make up for it."

He started to walk away; then, as if suddenly remembering, turned back. "By the way," he said casually, "open that sea connection there, then go and open the valve of Number Two ballast tank. She needs a bit of water ballast for steadyding. Then, come back and stick close where I can find you."

MR. GALLUP did as he was told, then an uneasy thought flashed across his slow-moving mind. Hey, he said to himself. That's something funny right there. What does a fully loaded tanker need with water ballast? Debating this, he crossed to where the fourth engineer was recording on the blackboard the steam pressure, r.p.m., vacuum, and temperature of sea and discharge waters, preparatory to going on watch. Mr. Gallup, badly in need of an ally, was about to take a chance and unburden himself of his suspicions, when the chief, stooping in the low passage from the boiler room, grasped the fourth.

"What was that, mister?" he asked with harsh abruptness.

"What was what, sir?" The fourth was surprised.

"That bump! D'ye suppose we've struck something?"

"I didn't notice—" the fourth began, when the chief angrily interrupted him.

"What have you been doing—sleeping on watch?" he demanded. He crossed rapidly to the bridge message tube and blew. "Anything wrong, topside?" he asked.

He listened for a moment, then replaced the plug in the tube and turned, his voice holding a note of strain.

"We've struck a submerged hulk," he said. "Perhaps a torpedoed vessel. The captain thinks part of the bilge keel forrard has carried away!" He saw Mr. Gallup, who was listening in open-mouthed astonishment. "Bunker! Give me a hand! We'll see if she's taking in water!"

Heavy running feet sounded on the steel plates and a Goanese stoker, with terror etched upon his swarthy face, darted in from the boiler room and made for the ladder, followed by two other men.

"What's the matter?" the chief yelled.

"Sinking!" the man gasped. A second man—a Liverpool Irishman—jerked his chin towards the boiler room. "There's water—tons of it!—pours in the bilges between the port b'iler an' the bunker!" he shouted. They stampeded up the ladder.

The chief engineer turned to the fourth. "Better get away topside and get your gear together! I'll look after things below here!" he rapped. Then, to Mr. Gallup: "Run up on the bridge and tell the captain about this! Then get back here!"

Mr. Gallup climbed the hot, greasy ladder. The deck was alive with figures making the boats ready for

lowering, each boat with its crews assembling at their stations. Obviously, the order already had gone forth to prepare to abandon ship.

Mr. Gallup went to the bridge. Captain Olmsted, surrounded by his officers, turned to him. "What is it, Bunker?"

Mr. Gallup described conditions below, and the shipmaster turned to the officers.

"You see?" he said brusquely. "That wreckage, or whatever it was, stripped the bilge keel from abreast the foremast and the water's coming in there." He turned again to Mr. Gallup. "Tell the chief to do what he can with the pumps. We're preparing to abandon ship."

But Mr. Gallup did not move. "Sir," he began diffidently, "the water was coming in from the after end. If she was struck so far forrard, wouldn't it—"

"Go below and do what you are told!" the master yelled violently.

His mind in a turmoil of worry, Mr. Gallup returned to the engine-room, where he was met by the chief.

"Time you got back, Bunker!" he rapped. "I've sounded the ballast tanks. All dry. I can't understand—"

Mr. Gallup stared. "The ballast tanks?" he ejaculated. "If we been injured in the bilges forrard, that's where the water'd be coming in, not the ballast tanks, and not from the after end. Did ye sound the bilges, sir?"

"Are you an engineer?" the chief demanded.

"No, sir. But I know something about ship construction—"

"Then don't start throwing your weight about!" the chief snapped. "The master's preparing to abandon, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir. I forgot to tell ye—"

He halted suddenly and the puzzled lines in his brow deepened. "Sir, there's something funny going on aboard o' this here vessel."

"Meaning what?" The chief's eyes were hard and watchful.

"Meaning, you know very well what, sir," said Mr. Gallup doggedly.

"If the bilge keel had been ripped off forrard, that first heavy inrush o' water would have filled the bilges in one minute, wid our displacement and heavy cargo."

Please turn to page 19

## Antiseptic Oil Heals Eczema

Must give Results in 7 Days or Money Back, say the makers, who will Gladly Return the Purchase Price if it doesn't Help You.

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you've probably been like a lot of other people convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an original bottle of **Moone's Emerald Oil**.

The very first application will give you relief; and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be gone.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have discovered a sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

**Moone's Emerald Oil** is a clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; it must give complete satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are: Back Pain, Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Puffy Ankles, Crises under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much — you must kill the germ, ruining health. Cystex relieves these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from any chemist or store on Guarantee to satisfy or money back. In 24 hours you will feel better. The

**Cystex** you. New in 2 doses, 4/-, 8/-. Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.





# THE DARK SQUARE

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**L**OVELY MARJORIE GILLESPIE is held prisoner at a mountain farmhouse by CAPTAIN ERIC VON GERNE and a mysterious unnamed man who suspect her of complicity in Secret Service affairs since finding in her possession a letter which she unsuspectingly offered to deliver for ADRIAN MAWLEY. Adrian is ostensibly only an English lecturer at MISS FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S Academy, but is actually a Secret Service agent, together with the Academy's butler, MILLING, its odd-job man, DICKY HORDER, and "Feathers" herself.

Investigating Marjorie's disappearance Adrian raids von Gerne's flat, meeting POLLY LINDER, a chorus girl, there. Next evening, a visitor arrives at his apartment. Meanwhile, von Gerne returns to the farmhouse from a cocktail party.

Now read on.

**V**ON GERNE had motored back in a hurry from the Schloss. He had an appointment to keep that evening and his mood towards it had changed rapidly. At the Schloss the meeting he had to go to had seemed nothing but unpleasant, but now he was beginning to think that after all, as it was inescapable, he might as well get what fun he could out of it.

"Everything all right?" he asked the maid Hilda when she appeared at his side in the uncannily quiet way of being invisible one moment and brushing your elbow at the next.

"Why shouldn't it be?" He jerked his head to indicate the room upstairs.

"She's safe and sound?" "Unless she can open a locked door with her fingers, or break the half-drawn bars across the window."

"A nice amiable mood you are in, Hilda. Well, thank heaven I shan't have to endure it. I'm going out for the evening."

"I am sure you are. I hope she is pleasant company."

Von Gerne laughed. "Curious how we think alike, isn't it?"

The woman kept silent for a while and then said bitterly, "I don't believe you know what a fool you are, Eric."

"It isn't for lack of being told, is it?"

"Any little chorus girl can make a fool of you."

"On the other hand it is just possible that I make a fool of the little chorus girl—it depends on the point of view."

"It is your precious little Polly that you are going to see then?"

"I never said so."

"You did. To her. On the telephone at half-past ten this morning."

Von Gerne smiled and stretching out his hand pinched the lobe of her ear between forefinger and thumb. The gesture might have been a playful, even a caressing one, but the thumbnail was pressed so hard into the flesh that a thin line of blood showed.

"Those ears of yours hear too much, my dear. Mind your own business. Haven't I told you that before?"

"Eric, anything to do with you is my business. You know that. Why can't you leave those other women alone? What good are they to you? What good?"

"They amuse me. Which is more than you do when you are like this. In an hour's time I shall be sitting down to a very pleasant little dinner with Polly in my flat. And if you don't like to think about it, you've got to learn to put up with it, that's all."

The maid stared at him through her thick glasses and her cheeks went quite white, but without saying a word she watched him turn almost contemptuously on his heel and stride away from her.

Of this conversation downstairs, even of the sound of voices, Marjorie could hear nothing. But through the window she did hear von Gerne's car leaving the farm again. She sat on the bed, trying to marshal her thoughts logically. Hitherto she had been too bewildered to do more than accept things passively as they happened to her, now she knew that she must take action of some sort. And she had a feeling that the time had come to do it.

Presently, she knew from established routine, the maid would come with her evening meal on a tray. It was not a very encouraging prospect, for she could not flatter herself that she was a match physically for that stockily-built muscular figure. Even so she set herself to

work trying to remember every detail that had happened when the meal had been brought up on previous evenings; how far the maid had come into the room, where she had put the tray down, and so on.

Then she looked slowly round the room. There was very little in it that looked as though it would be of any use to her. Either by accident or design everything that might have served as a handy weapon had been moved out.

She was even forced to laugh at finding herself in such a queer pass, and she was forced also to realise that her education and comfortable upbringing had done singularly little to instruct her how to act in such an emergency.

"The trouble is," she thought, "that half the time we don't live. Not at first hand. We don't go hungry; or sleep hard; or catch our own food. We live once removed from hard facts and don't really know anything about them."

Yet one of those contingencies she was soon to experience, for the usual time for her evening meal came and went and there was no meal.

**W**HEN mealtime was past by half an hour Marjorie began to get very hungry.

In another half-hour she was ravenous, and the uncomfortable suspicion was beginning to dawn in her mind that something had gone wrong with the domestic works.

It looked only too probable that the maid would not be paying her usual visit to the room, and Marjorie found it hard to decide whether the prospect dismayed her, because it meant lack of her evening meal; or relieved her, because it meant that none of her tentative half-formed theories of violence would have to be put to the test.

She lit a cigarette and pulled an illustrated paper on to her lap. It seemed, after all, as though inaction was going to be forced on her.

Not very many minutes later (she had just looked at her wrist-watch and seen that it was nearly nine) she heard a sound.

It was familiar to her by now—the light footsteps coming steadily towards her room. Yet now it seemed to her that there was something different about them, something stealthy and threatening.

The footsteps stopped outside the door. There was a second's pause and Marjorie felt her heart thumping wildly. This time no knock came, nor any polite inquiry, but the key turned, click, in the lock and the door itself began to open slowly inwards.

Adrian smiled at his visitor in a non-committal sort of way. Not that he felt like smiling much, but he did not yet know what line the attack would take, nor how best to meet it.

"Did you want to see me about something?" he inquired politely.

By way of answer she went to the wall and stood against it with both arms raised above her head.

"Ever seen me like that before?" she asked.

Adrian had. On the previous evening in von Gerne's flat. Although the chances were fading, he still hoped that there might be a possibility of bluffing his way out. He did his best to appear genuinely puzzled, and as he was doing so studied the girl. She was undeniably smart in a somewhat flashy way; she looked humorous and "tough" as though she could take hard knocks in life and give them, too.



Amazed and horrified, Dicky stood staring down at the girl.

"What an extraordinary question," he parried.

She laughed, came back into the centre of the room and sat down uninvited.

"You ought to be on the stage, Professor Mawley," she said. "Not me. Mind if I smoke?"

Adrian pushed the cigarette box towards her.

"Please. Help yourself. I wonder why you call me Professor."

"Do you? Never heard of Miss

every evidence of a person who held a fist full of trumps and who knew it.

"Perhaps you have heard of the Charnock Repertory Theatre then, Mr. Mawley?"

"Is that where you work?"

"That's the institution that has the benefit of my vast stage experience at the moment for about fourpence halfpenny a week. Still, things might be worse. It's a job, anyway, and that's something these days. At home the West End didn't seem to want me, and the provinces were awful, so I and some other girls drifted out here."

"They're a notion here that I can dance a bit. Well, if it comes to that I can. Especially tap. And I've got a queer sort of idea I can do something in the acting line some day, so I attached myself to their Dramatic School."

Adrian nodded, partly to show that he was following her explanation; but partly also because he was beginning at last to see daylight. And he was not at all sure that he liked the look of it. Not many

weeks ago, in a laudable endeavor to popularise things English in Charnock, he had delivered an address on the English Drama to the Dramatic School of the Charnock Repertory Theatre.

"Things beginning to make sense?" she inquired.

"You'll have to do a lot more talking before they make sense to me."

"Sure. I'll do the talking. It's one of the things I'm good at. As soon as ever you spoke last night, in Eric's flat I knew I had heard your voice before. I was positively certain of it. But I just couldn't think where at the moment. Then it came back to me—the English Drama, and your vocal lecturing to us about it. So what about it, Professor?"

Adrian lit a cigarette and considered.

"Not that I mind you beating up Captain Eric von Gerne," she assured him, "as far as that goes that's not a bad idea at all."

"What happened last night after—when you were alone?"

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## By LAURENCE MEYNELL

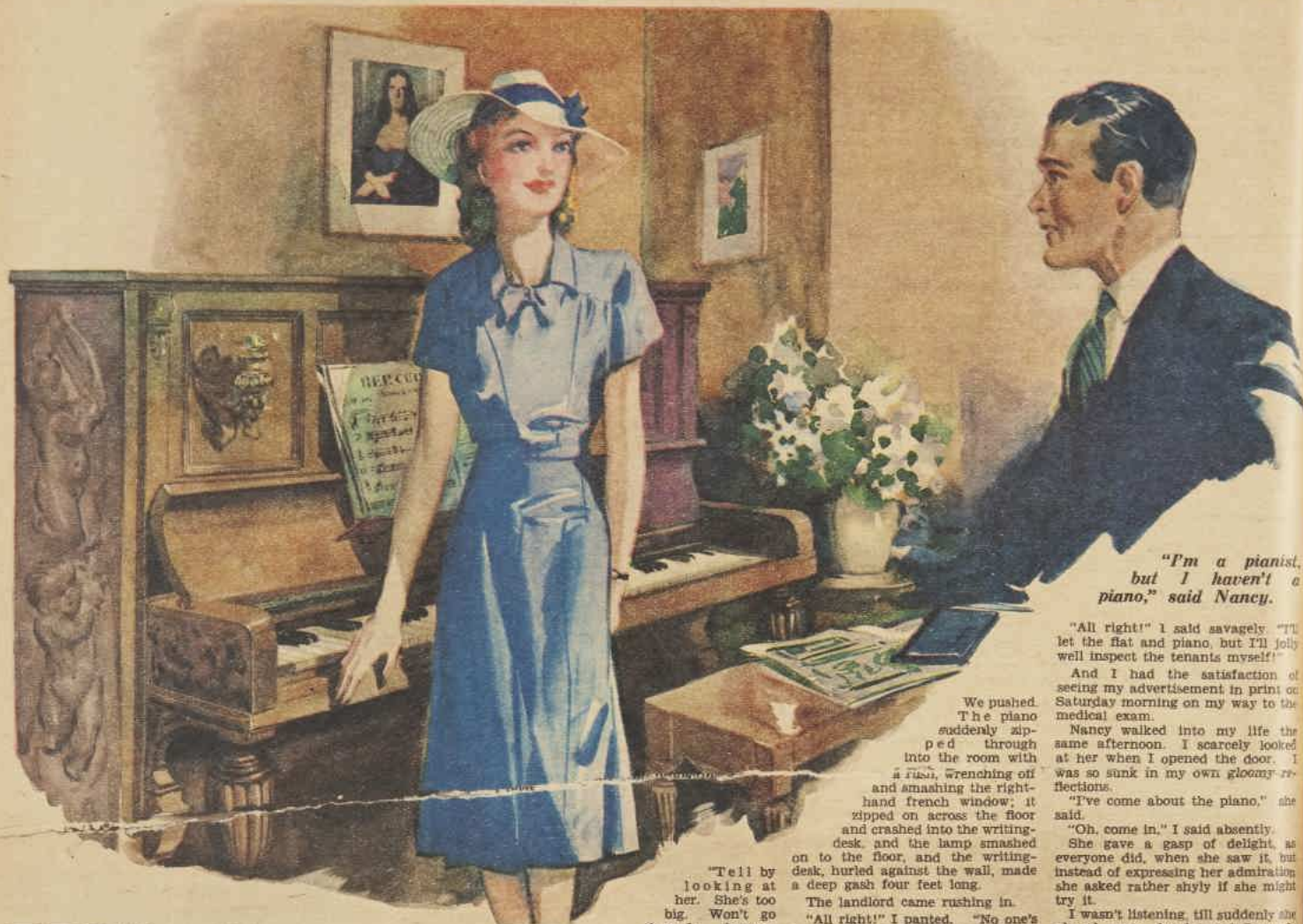
Whatist's Academy for Young Snobs, I expect?"

Adrian shook his head slightly, but this was not in reply to her query but to an inward one which he had put to himself. He was asking himself, had she been at Feathers' whilst he was lecturing there? Could she have been? And he was perfectly certain on both counts that the answer was "no." How then—?

She watched him, amused, smoking her cigarette in an almost insolently cocksure way. She gave



# THE RELUCTANT PIANO



"I'm a pianist, but I haven't a piano," said Nancy.

"All right!" I said savagely. "I'll let the flat and piano, but I'll jolly well inspect the tenants myself!"

And I had the satisfaction of seeing my advertisement in print on Saturday morning on my way to the medical exam.

Nancy walked into my life the same afternoon. I scarcely looked at her when I opened the door. I was so sunk in my own gloomy reflections.

"I've come about the piano," she said.

"Oh, come in," I said absently. She gave a gasp of delight, as everyone did, when she saw it, but instead of expressing her admiration she asked rather shyly if she might try it.

I wasn't listening, till suddenly she played some chords, and I nearly jumped out of my skin.

"For heaven's sake, stop!" I yelled. "My head's splitting."

"Oh!" She jumped up from the piano stool, completely taken aback at my rudeness. "I'm sorry. I'll go." "No, stop—go ahead, play anything you like. I'm sorry—you just startled me, that's all. You like the piano?"

"It's beautiful," she said. "Your advertisement seemed to come straight from heaven. You see, I'm a pianist, but at the moment I haven't got a piano and I've been looking for a flat, and to find the two together—"

I looked at her, really looked, for the first time. She had big grey-blue eyes and she was wearing a blue linen dress and a white straw hat.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said. "I'm not letting the flat. I thought I was joining the A.I.F., but I was turned down this morning at my medical exam."

Where another woman would have murmured something conventional, Nancy didn't say a word. She just looked at me. I fell in love at that very moment. I made her some tea and told her she could come and practise whenever she liked. When she was going, I said: "You can really come and live here if you don't mind my being here, too."

"I'm not sure whether you're insulting me or merely trying to be funny!" said she, and her eyes flashed.

We pushed. The piano suddenly zipped through into the room with a rush, wrenching off and smashing the right-hand french window; it zipped on across the floor and crashed into the writing-desk, and the lamp smashed on to the floor, and the writing-desk, hurled against the wall, made a deep gash four feet long.

The landlord came rushing in. "All right!" I panted. "No one's hurt. I'll pay damages. My piano's arrived, that's all."

He swore mightily for ten minutes, the truck-driver and his mate listening in fascinated silence.

I caught the malicious grins of the two pedal demons. They seemed to be poking out their tongues as far as they could.

The landlord paused for breath, and "John!" cried two horrified voices, and there in the doorway stood mother and my sister, Bee.

No sooner had I settled down in my new flat and finished paying off the odd fifteen pounds which was the total cost of damages than war was declared, and I decided to resign from the office and join the A.I.F. I asked the landlord if he would release me from the remainder of my year's lease of the flat.

He looked at me maliciously and said that as far as he was concerned I could walk out tomorrow, provided I didn't attempt to move the piano. I could leave the piano there (and risk having rascally tenants ruining it, possibly dirty children kicking at it!) or let the piano with the flat thrown in, as I pleased, until the lease expired, when, of course, I could do as I liked, provided I agreed to pay for all damages caused by the removal of the piano.

"Tell by looking at her. She's too big. Won't go through doorway unless you knock off them cupids." He twitched off the tarpaulin and exposed the delicately carved rosewood to the blistering sun.

I hastily covered it. "Are you quite sure?" "She won't go in that doorway, young fellow, as you can see for yourself. Any other entrances?"

"There's a french window opening on to the balcony." The men consented to amble round the side of the house to the small balcony. They inspected it in silence, then the driver spat and declared: "I reckon she'll go in them windows if we can get her on to the balcony."

By . . . Australian Author  
**PETER JOHNSON**

"Aye, but she'll need ropes, Bill!"

"There's ropes in truck."

They drove the truck round the side of the house and we set to work. We tied and hauled and pushed and pulled and sweated.

It was half-past five before the piano was successfully landed on the balcony. An interval for beer and congratulations, and, refreshed, we returned for the final effort.

"All get behind," directed Bill. "Now—one—two—three—pu-u-ush!"

**W**OULD you believe that your fate rested on a trivial mistake someone made over a hundred years ago? That your destiny was ruled by an insignificant detail in someone else's life? Mine was.

Of course, the first time I saw the piano I had not the remotest idea of all that was going to happen. I have never yet seen a piano quite like it. The sides are made of delicately-carved cherubs playing harps, and the candlesticks are supported by two fat cherubs. Symbolic, I suppose, of the lower regions, two demons put out their tongues for the pedals.

I played a few chords. The tone was perfect. I was enchanted. I hovered round the carving, dusted the cherubs with my handkerchief, pressed my boots on the demons' protruding tongues. I was hunting second-hand shops for a piano for my new flat. I had £40—it might buy one of the cherubs!

However, the shopman approached me hopefully, and said: "She is going cheap—£50."

"What! Surely you mean a hundred and fifty!"

"No, sir. Fact is, we can't get rid of her. You see them cherubs, sir? Well, the chap who carved her made a mistake in his calculations, and she should have turned out the ordinary size, but them cherubs wasn't allowed for, so she's turned out too big, and folks won't

have big pianos these days, in them modern straightlaced homes. I've been in this business thirty years, but I never saw a piano like this."

"I'll take it—I can pay £40 down and the rest in instalments!" I exclaimed, already picturing the cherubs playing their harps under my big copy of the "Mona Lisa," and imagining the family's delighted astonishment when they came to inspect the flat. Because we are all crazy about music in our family.

I made the man promise to send the piano straight away and I rang up the office and said I was urgently detained, and then I tore back to the flat and moved the furniture backwards and forwards into every conceivable position.

Of course the men didn't arrive till about four o'clock, by which time I was dancing with impatience. Then the truck-driver took one look at the staircase and doorway, another at the piano, draped in a dustsheet, and shook his head.

"Can't be done," he said.

"Rubbish," I said. "There are two of you, and I'll give a hand."

"Tain't that. Piano's too big for doorway."

"Well, let's try," I said, though suddenly dismayed, for the possibility had never occurred to me.



## How the World does its Wash **TAHITI**

In the romantic South Sea island of "Do As You Please" the native women make light work of housework. Even washing becomes a joyous, carefree affair.



How'd you like to wash for a dozen or more? Not content with large families, the Tahitian begs to be allowed to care for other women's children as well.



Wash day is an excuse for a good old get-together. They rub their clothes with sky-blue soap containing ultramarine to make them white. Finally they wash the things they're wearing—on themselves!



Afterwards, perhaps a fish snack cooked in an earth oven. Flatirons are placed in the glowing embers and the clothes pressed on the ground.



Washing isn't hard work to Australian women either when they use Persil! Its oxygen-charged suds coax out dirt without tedious rubbing—make clothes dazzling white without any "extras."

Please turn to page 28



# HEAD-TURNING HATS . . .

**QUARTET**  
of charming summer styles that you can make from odd pieces from your scrapbox — without using any precious coupons.



● A SEVERE black ensemble can be kindled by this easy-to-make toque of fringed taffeta ribbon in fuchsia, pink, and purple.



● 100-BLUE satin salvaged from an old evening gown makes an enchanting toque, with shaded pink roses nestling in the folds.



● HERE is an engaging new use for that paisley scarf. This little topper features a draped crown and forward-futting brim. The scarf sweeps down over the hair at the back, and ties neatly the chin. Easiest way to make it is to sew an old straw or felt hat into the correct shape and re-cover it.

**WEAR WHITE SHOES**  
with  
*Brown Legs*



This is the season of stockingless legs . . . of brown limbs and white shoes. And they must be white! They will be if you use SHU-MILK, the perfect cleanser for all white shoes. It removes the dirt, dries quickly, leaves a gleaming white surface that won't rub off. Have your shoes always smart, with Shu-Milk.



IN BOTTLES AND TUBES  
50c. AND 1/-

**Shu-Milk**

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES



● CHARMING sailor hat made of an odd scrap of white pique, eyelet embroidered in brilliant red. The flat crown is banded in red ribbon, and hand-crocheted hatpins accent the front.

CLOTHES-RATIONING and the austerity drive provide limitless opportunities for the girl with ingenuity. Perhaps the most effective way to cheer a drab or world-weary ensemble is with a flippant little hat that you can make yourself. "An attractive hat can be made out of almost anything," says English hat stylist Aage Thaarup. "It is originality and not the fabric that makes an exclusive model. Indeed, I often find fabrics for my hats in the most unlikely places—even in antique and furniture shops."

This summer hats will probably be smaller than usual, and to save fabric brimless styles will be popular.

Salvage all your own straw crowns and make them into absurdly flattering little models with the addition of a saucy, stiffened lace brim, a whiff of spotted veiling or a colorful garland of spring flowers.

Small, set-forward toques are simple to make and look ultra-chic when made of a left-over piece of material to match your frock.

Discarded straw hats can be converted into flattering bonnets, and when freighted with veiling and flowers they have an appealing summery look.

For seaside or country wear make yourself a fetching Dutch bonnet from scraps of brightly-colored linen patch-worked together. For additional charm anchor it with a huge patchwork bow tied under the chin.

With your cotton frocks have a Tyrolean hat speared with a single long, flat feather and made in checked gingham, tartan or polka-dotted linen.

For very special occasions Aage Thaarup advises tiny hats made entirely of flowers and pulled well forward over the brow, the height being given by an enormous veiling bow at the back with streamers over the hair.



**GIBBS DENTIFRICE**  
WAGES WAR,  
ON WASTE!



## SAVE YOUR TEETH

Gibbs freshens your mouth. Keeps gums firm and pink—teeth dazzling white.



## SAVE YOUR CONTAINERS!

and conserve Australia's productive effort. The beautiful Gibbs container can't wear out—keeps smart and new-looking for ages.



## SAVE YOUR MONEY

No need to get a container every time you buy Gibbs Dentifrice. Simply buy a refill at 1/4 and save 4d. on every purchase.

**Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice**  
in the  
New Ivory container

Large container of 1/8  
Dentifrice  
Large Refill  
(lasts about 5 months) 1/4



# It's smart to wear PATCHES . . .

**Save your coupons by  
making gay patchwork  
togs that are fun to wear**

• Bring an old linen dress to life with vivid cotton patches sewn harlequin-wise on the yoke, midriff, and patch pockets.

• For a really simple dressing-gown cover your old tailored gown with pastel patches like grandmother's quilt and face it with white cotton.

• Here is a bright way to pep up an old dress or an economical trimming for your new frock. The deep frills which margin the sleeves, pockets, and hemline are made of scraps of spotted fabrics.

• Bring new glamor to your old sweaters by adding a magnificent dirndl skirt done in bright cotton squares. For festive occasions try lush velvet patches.

Bauer



# Military Medal winners enlisted at eighteen



MR. AND MRS. R. C. WOMBEY, of Tallong, parents of Lance-Bombardier Wombey, with the younger members of their family—Betty, Doreen, Don, and Joan.



LANCE-BOMBARDIER Frederick Wombey, M.M.



GUNNER Wilbert Thomas Hudson, M.M.



GUNNER Hudson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hudson, of Merrylands, with the gunner's dog, Spot. Mr. Hudson is an N.E.S. warden.

## Heroes of Home Forces, Bill Hudson, Fred Wombey

First two Military Medals for distinguished service against the enemy on Australian soil have been awarded to two shy youngsters who had to obtain their parents' consent to enlist in the militia. One was just eighteen, the other not yet eighteen.

The men are: Gunner Wilbert Thomas Hudson (N108358), No. 2 Anti-aircraft Battery, of Merrylands (N.S.W.); and Lance-Bombardier Frederick Ronald Wombey (N270852), No. 14 Anti-aircraft Battery, of Tallong (N.S.W.).

Each of the boys also received a Commendation card signed by General Blamey

**F**IRST news of Gunner Wilbert ("Bill") Hudson's award was brought to his family by a newspaper reporter.

"We were all so excited none of us could eat our dinner," said the gunner's father.

"I gave my consent for him to enlist, because I was afraid he might enlist, anyway, perhaps under an assumed name, and we might lose track of him.

"Wilbert went to the public school and was a fair scholar. He always took an interest in his homework. He liked football. No, he wasn't in any special team—just the 'Irish eleven and tear shirts' team of boys in the district."

Mrs. Hudson came in from having her hair set to travel to the hospital to see her son.

"Proud!" she exclaimed, "That's hardly the word for it."

Wilbert is a very good correspondent. He wrote to all the family in turn—brief, simple letters in school-boy writing.

"You don't know what a raid is, Queen," he wrote to one of his sisters, "and the less you do know the better. The boys say if they keep raiding us our people and friends won't get them down at Sydney."

"I am doing fairly well myself," he wrote from hospital. "Why, each day I have a bottle of stout, but I don't like it. However, I try to drink it."

"Sunday a pretty girl came to see me. Oh boy, was she nice! But I was lost for words. But I have to think and I will be able to talk to her next week."

The "pretty girl" was a member of a bank organisation which visits hospital patients regularly.

She wrote a long letter to Mrs. Hudson telling her how her son was progressing.

Wilbert has a sweetheart whom he has never met, except by correspondence. His family were not sure how the correspondence started, but he told the story to our correspondent who visited him in hospital.

Bill Hudson's pleasant grin became more pronounced as he spoke

of his pen friendship with pretty little Josie Bennings, of Port Kembla, N.S.W., she says.

"Well, it sort of started after a pal of mine from Port Kembla told me about her," he said.

"We've never met, but we write once or twice a week . . . mostly twice, so we feel we know each other," he said.

Josie writes regularly to Bill's parents, addressing Mr. Hudson as "Dear Pop."

Asked about his winning of the Military Medal, Bill Hudson grew a bit laconic.

"Well, I just sort of brought down a Jap plane with my gun," he said.

"Some of the chaps told me afterwards that they thought I might be given a medal or something, but I didn't believe it then.

"The other night some of the boys here told me they had heard it over the air, but I didn't believe it till I saw it in the paper next day."

### Cheerful grin

**B**ILL had a perpetual grin for the world despite his experiences. With jet-black hair and dark brown eyes he looks younger than his twenty-one years.

"I haven't been out of bed yet, but my burns are healing up well, so it won't be long now," he said, and posed for the photograph, while calls of "Smile for the lady, Bill," came from boys in nearby beds.

"I hope Mum arrives to-day, but if she couldn't get on the train I expect she'll be here to-morrow," he said.

"That'll be the day . . ."

A textile worker before enlisting, Gunner Hudson is one of a family of eight children, seven of whom are living.

The Hudson family have lived at Merrylands, N.S.W., for twenty-five years.

They live at Nil Desperandum, a rambling, comfortable wooden house that has grown with the family.

Mr. Hudson, slight and weather-browned from a lifetime in the open air, explained he had called his home Nil Desperandum because they had had many ups and downs of fortune, but had never despaired.



MISS JOSIE BENNING, Bill Hudson's "sweetheart" by correspondence.



GUNNER HUDSON is convalescing in hospital. He was badly burned when bombers set fire to oil tanks near his gun position.

"And I think, all things considered, we have been very lucky," he added.

He has been a travelling salesman for sewing-machines, a bread-carrier, and owned a bakery until zoning put him out of business.

"I didn't like being idle, so I started hawking," he said. "But I didn't do much good; I was too easy for credit."

He tried twice to enlist—once as a cook, the second time as a dental assistant.

"They said if I could put my age back ten years I might have a chance, but," he explained with a twinkle in his brown eyes, "I'd already put my age back ten years to 54, and I thought it would be a bit hot to put it back twenty years."

He is now working again as a traveller to "replace a younger chap," and, although he is a grandfather, rides many miles on his bicycle.

The two elder Hudson girls, Marjorie and Nell, are married. Mar-

jorie is Mrs. Fred Dane, and Nell is Mrs. Jim Wilcox, with one small son.

Queenie is making army uniforms, and Violet, the youngest, aged 18, is making army tents.

The eldest boy, Harry, is working in a protected industry, and Charlie, the youngest son, aged 19, is a transport driver in the A.I.F.

### Heard news at dinner

**I**T is characteristic of young Fred Wombey, the other youthful winner of the Military Medal, that his family, who have an orchard three miles out of Tallong—a little township between Goulburn and Bundanoon—know no more about what Fred did to earn the Military Medal than the citation published in the newspapers told them.

In one letter recently, Lance-Bombardier Wombey said vaguely that he believed he was to be "recommended for something," and that was all.

His parents and his young sisters

and 11-year-old brother were pretty excited about that, but no more details came from Fred.

Then came the night when they were all sitting round the table in the lamplight at dinner.

There is always a fair clatter at mealtimes at the Wombey, because there are Betty and Doreen, just home from the day at the Goulburn High School, and 11-year-old Don and Joan, the baby, aged 7, back from the local school at Tallong.

"We always have the news on," said Mr. Wombey, "but sometimes it's hard to hear it for the noise."

"I tell the children nobody would ever know they had three brothers fighting, the way they don't listen to the war news."

"I heard something about the Military Medal for bravery in Australia, and I held up my fork for silence."

"Even then I only caught the words Lance - Bombardier F.R.—then I couldn't hear the surname—but I heard Tallong."

"When about a quarter of an hour later Arthur Johnson, from the store in the town, who is in the V.D.C. with me, came out, and then other neighbors, I knew it was right."

"Of course, the children had to stay up then, long past their bedtime, to hear the next news session."

"There wasn't too much home-work done, either."

Next day was a red-letter day for the Wombey children at school. Betty and Doreen found themselves the centre of attention at the Goulburn High School.

"I heard two of the girls whispering together," said Betty. "Then one came and asked me about Fred, and she was soon telling everybody 'Yes, it is their brother.'"

"The head teacher came in and congratulated us, too."

Don and Joan came in for their share of the spotlight, too, at the little school at Tallong.

Don, who milks three cows before he sets out on the three-mile bike ride to school, has one great hope.

It is that the war will last long enough for him to grow up and join the Air Force.

His mother and father hope not, for there are already three soldier Wombey.

Continued on page 10



## POLLY

"Now we're getting down to the eggs and bacon. What happened after your exit? I ran to the telephone and called up the police."

"You did?"

"I don't think. No, thank you. No police for Polly. It's people with a thousand a year and the rest salted away in gill-edged stuff that call up the police. I just took a stroll around the flat and there was little Eric in the bathroom all trussed up like a Christmas turkey. I undid him, and oh, boy, was he mad. But the funny part was he didn't ring up the police either."

"You surprise me."

"Yeah? I wonder. Anyway, he didn't. He was hopping mad to know if I had seen anyone in the flat. I told him that as I was coming up the stairs a man I had never seen before came down running past me like a whirlwind, and that was all I knew about it."

Adrian smiled. "You didn't tell him anything else?"

"Why should I? He doesn't tell me everything. And I've learnt that a bit of knowledge up your sleeve can come in very handy at times."

"You seem to have acquired a lot of worldly wisdom, if I may say so, Miss—"

"Linder. Polly Linder. Polly Linder on the stage and Polly Linder off it, that's me. If it's good enough behind the footlights it's good enough in the flat, that's what I say."

"I take it you are a friend of Captain von Gerne's?"

"Well, in a way I am, was friendly with him. I fell for him, that's the plain truth of it. You'd have thought I had more sense, wouldn't you? Still, I'm through with that now. I'll play fair as long as anyone plays fair with me, but if the raw deal business starts I reckon to give as good as I look like getting."

"Naturally enough Eric got tired of me. I suppose some of his Savoy Girl ladies didn't like him tagging along in the Fish and Chips department. Funny how men act when they want to wriggle out of anything. They're all the same. Excuses, and telephoning instead of seeing you face to face; and messengers by other people—all the usual sort of tricks; and then to end up with the grand finale when you get the air."

"That was all fixed for last night. I know that was why Eric had asked me round to his flat. Still, it didn't work out that way because for some reason or other you had a private blitzkrieg against him—just what was the trouble, by the way, had he been putting up his eyeglass at some girl of yours?"

"Something of the sort."

"And it got him into trouble good and plenty. Well, he had it coming to him for a long time. But they never will learn, will they? Boy, did I laugh when I saw him in the bath. There wasn't any giving me the air ceremonial last night, he was too busy getting over the headache you gave him to think of anything else."

"But I made him ask me round there again to-night. And I made him include a bit of dinner with the invite this time. If I'm going out on my ear I may as well have a meal first."

"You are going to meet him in his flat to-night?"

"In less than an hour's time, Professor, so if we're going to talk we've got to get started."

She paused, so Adrian said:

"You seem to be pretty good at talking. Carry on."

"Well, here it is, Professor, on the plate. As I see it you can't be too keen on Captain von Gerne finding out who it was who slapped him on the back of the head last night—or on the police finding out, can you? It must be worth something to you."

"I see. Blackmail?"

"No. I do you a good turn and you do one for me in exchange. That isn't blackmail, it's common sense."

Adrian stretched over for the telephone. "You know what I'm going to do now?"

"Not the foggiest."

"Ring up the Chief of Police and ask him to send a couple of responsible officers round here."

Polly grinned. "O-kay. Go ahead. Suits me, Professor. The Chief's an old pal of mine. I had a little flutter with him once."

Adrian didn't know whether this was true. On the whole he was inclined to think not, but the cheerful insolence of it amused him. And in any case it had only been a bluff on his part to strengthen his hand

## The Dark Square

Continued from page 5

a little. Probably nobody in the affair had less desire to see the police dragged in than himself.

"What's your definition of a good turn, Miss Linder?" he asked.

"Ten pounds," she replied promptly. "It makes out at about five thousand disasters, or whatever it is they use for money out here. But ten crisp English pound notes will do me nicely. It's what I owe for rent and it will get me out of a hole."

"One small point arises, Miss Linder—"

"Why not drop the Professor act and call me Polly since we're getting on so well together?"

"If I help you out with the ten pounds for your rent, Polly, what's to stop you telling von Gerne all you know just the same?"

"I thought you'd be a better judge of character than that, Mr. Mawley. There's nothing to stop me, only my word. And the funny part is that though I'm tough I'm straight. Perhaps you don't understand how a girl like me can be straight? But she can. If I make a bargain I'll stick to it as long as the other party does. If he breaks faith then maybe I'll scratch his dear little eyes out, but I'll stick to my word as long as he does."

Adrian even felt slightly ashamed.

"Yes, I believe you would," he said. "You're going to von Gerne's flat this evening?"

"Right from here."

"And dining there?"

"I told him he wouldn't get away with it under a grilled chop and a bottle of champagne. Why, you weren't thinking of coming along there again to-night, were you?"

Adrian pulled out his pocket book and extracted ten pound notes. These he laid on the table.

"No," he said smiling. "As a matter of fact I was thinking of something quite different."

On top of the ten notes he then laid a crisp, clean fiver.

"If you're in a hole, Polly," he said, "I'd like to help you out of it properly. And I rely on you sticking to your word and playing the game by me."

Polly's active fingers swept the money up into her bag.

"You needn't worry, Professor," she assured him. "I know when I'm dealing with a gentleman."

Marjorie did not look at him when he came into the room. He shut the door quickly behind him and took up his usual position leaning against it.

For three seconds there was an uncomfortable silence and then he said, and there was almost a mocking tone in his voice:

"Captain von Gerne has had to go out to an appointment."

"I heard him. A long time ago."

"Not so long, but time drags when you are lonely."

"I wasn't lonely. I don't mind being alone."

"As a rule I like it, but to-night—no."

She still kept her eyes away from him, though she could feel that his were fixed on her.

"A strange thing," he said, "that our lives should have crossed like this. A week ago we had no idea that each other existed, now we are bound up together. Does it frighten you sometimes to think that there is somebody behind us all the time manipulating the strings and getting fun out of it?"

"Lots of things frighten me. But if I thought that I should be angry more than anything else."

He smiled.

"That is because you are English: muddle-headed and obstinate"—and he added quietly, "but very beautiful. I don't believe you realise just how beautiful you are!"

Marjorie took a long pull at her cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke up towards the ceiling.

"You have talked like this to many women, I suppose?" she said, as off-handedly as she could.

The man smiled. He saw that there was an ashtray standing on the table beneath the window, and he left his vantage place by the door and crossed the room to get it for her.

Only two seconds before, the thought of escape had not been in the girl's mind. Now, with this completely unexpected opportunity, it rushed there, urgent and commanding.

She realised with overwhelming conviction that if she didn't take this

chance she wouldn't get another. It was now or never.

While the man was still moving towards the ashtray on the table she leapt off the bed, threw the stub of her cigarette across the room, and, slipping out into the corridor, slammed the door to behind her and turned the key.

The man said something, a single word, she could not be sure what it was, and then he was quiet. He did not call out, or start a futile banging on the door.

Marjorie was breathless with excitement. Quickly and very quietly she began to tiptoe, half-walking, half-running, along the corridor.

She knew that von Gerne was out of the house and as far as she was aware the only opposition she might have to encounter would come from the maid, who should have brought up her supper to her and who had not done so.

She ran down the stairs into the hall and stood still, listening. The old woodwork of the stairs had creaked alarmingly as she came down and to her overstrained ears the noise had sounded so loud that she felt quite certain the maid would come out of one of the many doors to investigate.

But the seconds went by and there was no sign of anybody stirring, nor indeed any sound at all except the thumping of her own heart, so she took courage again and crossed the hall into the old kitchen of the farmhouse, the room into which she had first of all been brought.

It was empty, but the door was locked and there was no key. She ran out of the room again and down the stone-flagged corridor towards the green balize door at its end.

This room again was empty. Under the central light stood a table half covered with the more or less completed outline of an enormous jig-saw puzzle. In the corner by a standard lamp was an open desk with two pieces of paper spread on it.

Some inexplicable curiosity sent the girl across the room to investigate. A sheet of paper and an envelope lay there. She thought she recognised the envelope as the one which Adrian Mawley had entrusted to her and which had somehow been the cause of all her troubles.

**"I do you a good turn, and you do one for me in exchange. That isn't blackmail, it's just common sense," the girl told Adrian coolly.**

Across the sheet of paper was written a sentence in some queer-looking words which she did not understand (it is a measure of the mental excitement that had her in its grip that although she stared at the few words and read them she did not realise that they were in code). Underneath this odd sentence were half a dozen names and addresses written in pencil.

What all this was about she had no idea, nor whether it would be of any value to her; but to get back the letter which had been stolen from her seemed to be a definite score against the enemy, and without thinking any further she snatched up the piece of paper and thrust it into the opening of her blouse.

Now she felt the need for immediate escape to be doubled. The fact of having stolen something had the curious psychological effect of making her desperately anxious to get away.

She did not know where the other door of the house were and suddenly she was afraid to go and look for them. Instead, she unlocked and threw up a window near the desk—with startling result. The outside of the house was flooded with light!

Four strong electric bulbs, one at each corner of the building, were connected with all the windows at night, so that the opening of a window anywhere, unless the circuit was first switched off, lit them up.

This sudden yellow brilliance completely disconcerted the girl. But she kept enough sense to realise that there was no going back now, and after the first instant of surprised delay she stepped over the sill and out into the yard.

The betraying light was her ally to this extent that it helped her to locate the garage.

## VON GERNE

had left one of the double doors open and she could see the radiator of a car gleaming in the dark interior.

She ran towards it as fast as she could, expecting every second to be stopped or challenged. She was actually inside the garage before she heard the shout. It was a man's voice and it sounded some way off, but for the instant it stopped her racing heart with apprehension.

"Pipped on the post," she thought bitterly, but she kept her head, realising that confusion now must spell disaster.

She pulled open the car door, searched for and found the switch for the interior light. She ran a swift expert eye over levers and switchboard and was reassured by what she saw. It looked straightforward enough.

"Well, here goes," she thought and jumped in.

She had heard the man shout a second time, and nearer, but not too near. The gods were kind to her so far and pushing off the hand brake she jerked out rather clumsily into the yard.

The drive forced her to go carefully for it curved and its surface was none too good, but she reached the end of it without being challenged and her spirits began to rise.

She was getting used to the feel of the car by now, but the road surface was so bad that it was impossible to get into top gear. She was not worrying about direction at all and for the present was perfectly content to be increasing the distance every second between herself and the hated house. She learnt forward and switched off the interior light and was instantly aware of danger.

The small oblong mirror fixed over the centre of the windscreen showed two ominous yellow pin-points—the lights of a following car.

Her heart thumped a little—escape was not going to be as simple as all that, then.

Then a T-junction with a wider road confronted her and she swung left-handed and immediately found herself on a much better surface. She accelerated, got into top gear, and began to push the light car for all she was worth.

The engine responded at once, as though it were a glad ally, and in the same instant she saw the bend.

She wrenched the wheel round and the car groaned and shrieked in its efforts to obey. She had time to hope that she would make it,

to think that, once again, the gods would be good.

Another half-ounce in the scales and they would have tipped in her favor, but the vital half-ounce was wanting. The straining wheels could not hold the road, the car slithered sideways across it and turned a complete somersault into a shallow pit on the far side.

The gods had repented of their kindness.

Dicky Horder finished polishing his sixteenth pair of shoes and stepped back to admire his handiwork. Miss Featherstonhaugh's young ladies would go shod with shining leather on the morrow.

His shoe-cleaning operations finished his job for the evening at Feather's. "Bout time, too," he reflected ruefully, noticing that it was past nine already.

He put on a disreputable felt hat and slipped out of the back door. He had made up his mind to spend an evening with Adrian, yarning.

But when he reached Adrian's door, something interrupted him.

His foot knocked against an object on the floor, and something about the feel of that contact took his eyes down quickly. All he could see at first was a mass slightly blacker than the general darkness, and then towards the edge of it he was aware of a patch faintly white.

He felt inside a pocket for a box of matches and when he struck one and held it aloft he gave a long, low whistle at what it showed him.

Half-propped up against Adrian's door was the body of a girl, a blonde. In the sudden light of the match her face would have seemed startlingly good looking except for the ugly hole which a revolver bullet had made above the left ear.

Dicky's short-lived match wavered and went out. He cursed it softly.

"What the devil has Adrian been up to now?" he said wonderingly.

To be continued

## Animal Antics



"Boy! Is he going to be mad when he finds I'm out of season!"

## M.M. winners enlisted at eighteen

Continued from page 9

CHARLIE, the eldest, nearly 24, and Reg, 22, who is a corporal, are both still in the Middle East. Reg was through the Greek campaign, and then in Crete, but both are now together again.

"After the other boys went," said Mr. Wombey, "Fred, who helped me in the orchard, used to nag and nag about enlisting. I thought two in the A.I.F. was a fair thing, and at last I gave my consent for Fred to enlist for home defence."

"He was only 18 then, and about 13 months ago when they called for volunteers for Darwin Fred was among them."

"He wrote then and said, 'They only wanted 22 in our crowd, and they had 100 volunteers. I was one of the 22, so I don't know whether I'm one of the lucky ones or not yet.'"

"Before the Japanese war started Fred used to write quite long letters. We used to have a great laugh over the tales he'd tell us about the boys pretending to be tropical," said Mrs. Wombey.

"But as soon as the Japs came into the war and things began to happen he didn't tell us a thing."

"Never a line or a name in Fred's letters has ever been touched by the censor."

"Evidently they were told not to go into any details about the raids, and Fred obeyed."

Fred Wombey is a member of the famous anti-aircraft unit which calls itself "the suicide squad" and owns an unofficial flag of skull and crossbones.

Many of its members are still in their teens, the eldest in their early twenties, including their officer, Lieut. Don Brown, who was wounded in the three day raids in July rescuing men and equipment from the fire that destroyed their post.

Lieut. Brown and Sgt. Thomas Wilfred Fraser of this unit received commendation cards, too.

After a lifetime of hard work, 22 years a bricklayer before he came to Tallong 14 years ago, Mr. Wombey does his share in the army, too.

After working hard in the orchard all the week—and there's plenty to do with all the grown-up boys away—he spends either Saturday or Sunday with the district V.D.C. unit.

The citation for Lance-Bombardier Wombey says:

"On two occasions at least during attacks on oil tanks at Darwin by enemy dive-bombers and machine-gun fire from the air he ordered the gun crew to take cover while he waited for the attacking plane to be sufficiently near to be a good target. His action was partly responsible for the failure of the enemy to dive-bomb the vital area he was defending."

The citation for Gunner Hudson says:

"He manned his Lewis machine-gun with great skill and tenacity. The gun was roughly sited and without adequate protection. Regardless of personal safety Gunner Hudson carried his gun to the open, and until ammunition was expended brought to bear effective fire on the low-flying aircraft."



# They'll nurse the boys who bomb the Japs



R.A.A.F. planes over Darwin.

## Six Air Force nurses move into front-line posts in remote north

By MERTON WOODS

Our special representative at an advanced operational base

Six attractive R.A.A.F. nurses have reached the Darwin area and taken over the most advanced nurse-staffed service hospital on Australia's northern front.

When I met them they were helping to set up their well-equipped field hospital, which is being established on a stony ridge in heavily-timbered bush.

TO them for expert attention will come any Allied fighter-pilot wounded in combat or any bomber crew member wounded in raids against Jap bases.

All are very eager to start the big job they came here to do.

Their unanimous desire is to emulate the stirring heroism of American nurses on Corregidor.

The nurses are Matron Mary Dutton, of Fullarton, S.A.; Sister Shirley Wynne, of Middle Brighton, Vic.; Sister Joyce Courtney Young, of Heidelberg, Vic.; Sister Elizabeth Wilson, of Kew, Vic.; Sister Elizabeth Bray, of St. Kilda, Vic.; and Sister Martha Hately, of Murtoa, Vic.

All assert there is nothing extraordinary in their coming to one of Australia's most advanced hospitals, and say they'd much rather be here than at hospitals in the south.

They are to serve in this operational area for some months.

Some have served for four months and others for two months in the centre of the Northern Territory. But all wish to be allowed to stay here longer.

The nurses share three neat tents equipped with R.A.A.F. issue field stretchers and canvas chairs.

Carpenters are building them con-

crete-floored mess and recreation huts out of saplings and galvanised iron.

Though these are not yet finished, the nurses have surrounded them with rockeries filled with tropical plants in tins.

They wear uniforms which were once white and once khaki and are now a pleasing shade of light brown.

"We dyed our white uniforms khaki, but hard bore water at our last base washed out a lot of the khaki dye," Matron told me. "We have to improvise at times and haven't many modern conveniences, but we really don't miss out on much," she said.

The hospital is equipped with the finest mobile operating theatre in Australia, and during the four months it was in the centre of the Northern Territory one hundred and fifty major operations were performed in the large marquee which is pitched behind the surgical truck.

### Saved his life

THE unit was donated by Prahran Patriotic Society.

"Many of our patients were soldiers on Northern Territory road convoys," Matron told me.

"One soldier suffering from a gastric ulcer would definitely have died had we not been there to care for him. He was brought sixty miles to us and we operated at 2 a.m. one day.

"During those four months we treated a member of every service except the Navy, as well as a few civilians, abos, and a white girl



SISTER SHIRLEY WYNNE, of Middle Brighton, Vic., one of six Air Force nurses with the mobile hospital in the far north.

of fourteen—only white child within hundreds of miles.

"We received tremendous assistance from the Red Cross. Most of our hundreds of patients did not learn what the Red Cross is doing until they came to our hospital.

"They regularly received cordials, biscuits, milk, coffee, honey, smokes, and toilet requisites.

"We couldn't have nursed them as comfortably as we did if it hadn't been for the Red Cross. Some of our patients were men on their way south. The Red Cross even had warm clothing for them for the trip."

In addition to nursing those sent to them for care, Matron and her sisters do a lot of mending for male members of the hospital staff. She was stitching a pair of orderly's shorts when I spoke to her.

"One boon here is that there aren't many white ants," Matron said. "Our last hospital was surrounded by white-ant hills. They even ate a pair of my shoes I had left aside for a fortnight.

"We had to stand our suitcases on empty jam tins to stop them eating those, too."

The theatre sister of the hospital was formerly theatre sister at Alfred

Hospital, Melbourne, and was one of the nurse escort on a ship which carried R.A.A.F. trainees to Canada in 1940.

She spent six weeks in Canada.

"I love it here, living right in the heart of the bush," she said.

"Our main recreation is going for walks through the bush. We haven't many hardships to put up with, and at least aren't worried by clothes-rattling.

"We all have plenty of clothes and none of us has ever worried about getting any coupons.

"Thank heavens, cosmetics aren't rationed and we can get all we need sent to us."

One sister said, "I've enjoyed every minute I've been up here and wouldn't go home for worlds. It's been a tremendous satisfaction to me to see how the boys appreciate having girl nurses to look after them.

"I'll never forget one boy who hadn't seen a white girl for six months. As soon as he came into the ward he walked around me a couple of times and then said, 'Gee, what a beaut clean dress!'"

"We have to do our own washing and laundering of our vells. It is a bit of a nuisance sometimes. It has been suggested we do away with them, but I find it's better for patients if we wear them, and it makes us feel better, too."

### Bone pointed

SHE said that one abo, patient admitted to hospital and suffering from pneumonia had had "the bone pointed at him" by his tribe, and made no effort to recover.

He sneaked out of hospital one night and later died in the bush.

"One night we had a false air-raid alarm, and I was told to stand by a group of colored patients. When I reached the ward there were only two left, one with a broken leg and the other with appendicitis. They were the only two who couldn't move, and all the rest had gone bush."

Asked how she looked forward to the possibility of being caught in a Jap raid, she said, "I feel positively indifferent about it. I'm quite prepared to go through anything the Japs start up here."

Another sister said her greatest



MATRON MARY DUTTON, from Fullarton, S.A., who is in charge of R.A.A.F. nurses at the most advanced nurse-staffed hospital in our north.

thrill since coming to this forward area was attending several A.I.F. men returned from the Middle East who had been injured when a tree fell on them.

"They were so dirty that they looked like animated ant-hills when they were brought in," she said. "I felt I couldn't do enough for them. Their appreciation afterwards was more reward than I deserved."

One sister said her only complaint against having to nurse in the field was that willy-willys occasionally blew dust over the dressings just as they had been sterilised, causing the preparations to be done again.

"Still, that doesn't count, considering I now have a chance of achieving my life's ambition to see an abo, corroborree," she said.

"I'm determined to see one before I leave here."

The nurses would not talk about romance to me, but as far as I could ascertain all are heart-whole and fancy-free, though one guardedly admitted that "We all hope to marry some day," and another volunteered the statement that her favorite pastime is writing letters.

Only noticeable touch of femininity about the nurses' quarters was one mosquito net, which looked more fitted for a boudoir than for a bush tent.

It is a delicate shade of green net polka-dotted with a lighter tint.

The owner said she had made it out of "something or other" she found in the Q.M. store.

During the settling-in period nurses have explored their new surroundings, but once the hospital gets under way only one nurse will have leave at a time.

"We don't miss dances or the social life of the cities," one told me. "We'll find plenty to do to fill in our spare time."

The hospital is some way from any nurse-staffed army hospital in this area.

The R.A.A.F. nurses intend to get together with their nearest army sisters as soon as possible.



SISTER JOYCE COURTNEY YOUNG.



SISTER ELIZABETH BRAY.



# Editorial

OCTOBER 3, 1942.

## MORESBY MUST HOLD

THE battle of Moresby is the focus of world attention no less than the titanic struggle for Stalingrad.

We who see Moresby as the last bastion against invasion of Australia do not view it in false perspective because of our own immediate danger.

Our view of its importance is shared in Washington, in London, and no doubt in Tokio.

A leading American writer points out that the threat to Moresby has long been recognised.

He says bluntly there will be no alibi for failure.

It is a challenge to our leadership which must be accepted.

The answer to that is that there must be no need for an alibi because there must be no failure.

Our boys have a tough job up there under conditions as grim as any fighting front provides.

Through mud and slime and jungle, in spite of malaria and tropic disorders of all kinds, our young Australians of the A.M.F. and the A.I.F. are fighting grandly an enemy whose preparations appear to have been more cunning, more imaginative.

War has come to them in its primitive form, with man-to-man fighting between the trees and along the ravines and rough hillsides of New Guinea.

So different a battle from the giant clash of men and machines round Stalingrad, but so much the same in its inspiring spectacle of men daring all for their own country.

The stand of our boys at Moresby will be as honorable and valiant as the stand of the Red Army at Stalingrad.

—THE EDITOR.



CAMP HOME of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Jenkins at Hart's Ranges Mica Mining Fields, Central Australia.

## Her war job 1000 miles from town

### Only woman on mica mines of the inland

By M. A. BECKINGSALE

Only white woman on the 1000-square-mile area of Hart's Ranges mica field, Central Australia, Mrs. Hector Jenkins is doing a war job just as surely as if she were helping build aeroplanes in a coastal city.

She and her husband came to Melbourne last week to discuss the improving of prices for the mica mining industry.

THE Jenkins' have been on the mica fields since 1929. Australian born, they have lived in 16 different countries, but the inland is home to them.

Mica is vitally necessary to war industry, is used in the manufacture of aeroplane spark plugs, and in electrical equipment.

"A hard place for hard people" was the way my friend Banjo Paterson described the inland, and very aptly, too," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"For those white men who brave the loneliness and hardship of that country away in the ranges and remain there working in all weather I have the greatest admiration," she continued.

"My husband and I have the ambition to be the oldest living mica miners."

"The Jenkins' have covered thousands of miles in their truck.

"We never move anywhere in our truck without our swag, our tucker box, billy-can, and plenty of water," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"At present there are only about 20 white men and one white woman (myself) on the Hart's Ranges mica fields.

"Being lost in the bush is a dreaded possibility.

"I have been lost twice, and now when I buy a new pair of shoes my black friends thoroughly overhaul them and

then examine their track for fear their 'Queen,' as they call me, will get lost again.

"White and black, the men all come to me with their troubles, and expect me to fix them.

### Gives first aid

"ONE blackfellow brought me a hurricane lamp glass in about 100 pieces and said trustfully, 'My Queen him fix him all right' . . . Needless to say I had to buy another glass to uphold my reputation."

A nurse before her marriage, short, sturdy, cheerful and competent, Mrs. Jenkins is known to miners, settlers, and natives over a radius of thousands of miles for her kindly aid to them in cases of illness or accident.

Grey-haired, small, and very slight, Mr. Jenkins was a mechanical engineer. He has built and owned racing cars, but the thrill of cheering crowds at a car race interests him far less than the thrill of discovering a good mica field in the silence of the wild outback.

Mrs. Jenkins brushes aside the personal hardship for a white woman living in an area of extreme heat in the daytime, with an overpopulation of snakes, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and other insect pests.

"Tragedy and comedy combine with hard work and hard living," she said.

"Not long ago, Connie, a native girl about 16, was badly burned while sleeping in a cave with a fire in it. The other lubras carried her to our camp for treatment.

"She asked for and ate with gusto a huge slice of apricot pie after I had dressed her burns.

"She was a real little stoic, but shock following the burns was too great and she died three days later.

"The natives are tough and can stand pain well. I only saw one

man faint. His hands had been burned and became septic.

"He responded to treatment, and was cured, but during every dressing he used to topple over in a dead faint. I used to prop him up and go on with the dressing.

"I do practically all the shopping for the field, and have come to Melbourne with a marvellous collection of 'wants'.

"These range from a tin-whistle to a piano-acordion in the music line . . . a bag of rice, shirts, boots, and so on."

Mrs. Jenkins admits that nighttime in the ranges is very lonely when her husband and his three mates, John Soutar, Col Campbell, and Bill Irwin, are away prospecting, and she is quite alone in her camp.

The nearest neighbor is about 12 miles away, and so she always goes to bed with a loaded rifle beside her, and the three faithful dogs close by.

"It's quite safe, and I like being alone in the daytime, but at night I must admit I'm nervous of the mysterious bush noises and movements," she said.

"Speaking of my dogs reminds me that one young miner deserved a medal for his courage in going into a tunnel to rescue one little dog who was asleep while a fuse was burning towards some gellignite. He just got out with the dog in time.

### Lucky dog

"A FEW days later the same man, dog, and mine figured again. This time it was impossible for him to get in in time, and when the explosion occurred out of the tunnel came rocks, clouds of smoke, and dust.

"Instead of pieces of dog, as we expected, a quite live and perfectly good dog came sailing out with the debris.

"From that day to this the dog runs out when he hears the word



MR. AND MRS. JENKINS during their recent visit to Melbourne from Central Australia.

'fire,' and looks comical as he plants himself behind a tree or rock as the men do. He peers round and refuses to budge till the explosion takes place."

Mrs. Jenkins recalled the trip she and her husband made at their own expense to the British Exhibition in 1924, in charge of the opal display from the Lightning Ridge field in N.S.W., where they had been for some time.

### Shakespeare in bush

FREQUENT visitors to the stand at Wembley were King George, Queen Mary, and the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales).

"Queen Mary was wonderful to us. She came five times and purchased a beautiful stone for her personal use," said Mrs. Jenkins, and added that one of her most prized possessions is a letter from Queen Mary.

Meeting famous people in England and Europe has added to the colorful life of these two grand Australians.

Yet in the wilds of their own country, miles from civilization, they experienced one of the most thrilling evenings they can remember, when with their three "mates" they were an outdoor audience of five under the stars during a Shakespearean recital by the well-known actress, Miss Marie Ney, in 1941.

She also read them "The White Cliffs of Dover," and no more appreciative audience could have been found in the world.

"It was unforgettable," said Mrs. Jenkins.

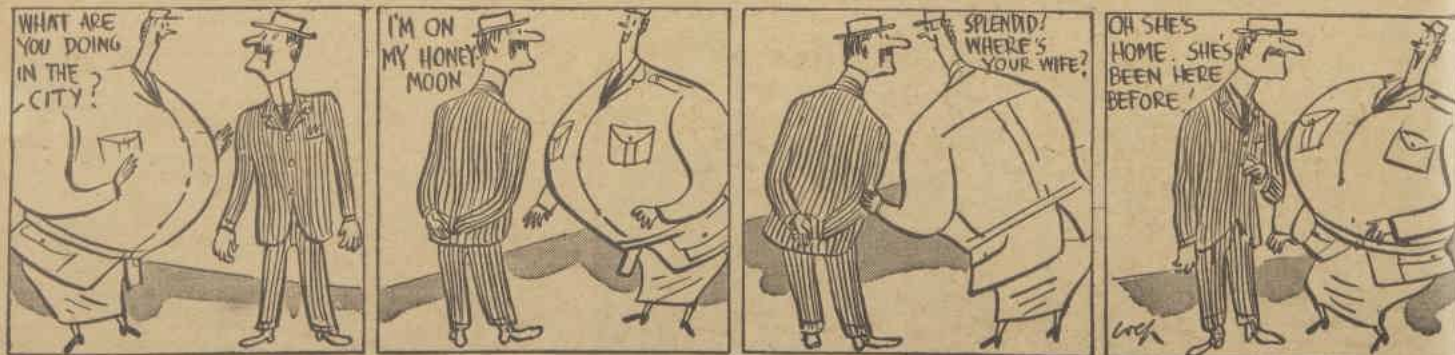
As a memento of her visit to the mica fields, Miss Ney sent Mrs. Jenkins a beautiful handbag from Sydney.

Though they have seen most of the cities of the world, and been entertained by people who are front-page news, both Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins find their roving existence in their own country dearest to their hearts.

Often on a diet of goat stew, home-made bread, potatoes and billy tea, all prepared by Mrs. Jenkins they live happily with their mining "mates."

True pioneers in the best sense of the word, they get their reward from the beauty of their country and the gratitude of the white and colored men whom they are able to help in so many ways.

A nurse and a mechanical engineer, they have proved to themselves and to many others that the hardships of a pioneer's life can be compensated by companionship and the result of the labor of their own hands.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

**F**ORTUNATE planetary radiations dominate the days of the coming week. Two of them—Wednesday, September 30, and Sunday, October 4—will be entirely good, while two others—Monday, October 5, and Tuesday, October 6—will be predominantly good.

## The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following astrological information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Pitfalls abound for unwise Arians on October 2 and October 4 (around sunrise). Caution is advised in all things. Routine affairs should be stressed. Try to avoid arguments, rashness, changes, unpopularity, and difficulties.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 23): Most Taurians will find few excitements or important changes this week. October 1 (around dusk) may displease slightly.

**GEMINI** (May 23 to June 22): Big days possible, so plan carefully and work hard. Seek promotion or other gains, changes, favors, or start new ventures. Be mildly cautious on September 29 (late), September 30 (late afternoon), October 1 (around dusk) and October 2. But seek fortune on October 4 (afternoon), October 5 (afternoon), and October 6 (midday).

**CANCER** (June 23 to July 23): Be guarded, especially on October 2, for delays, obstructions, disappointment, worry, discord, or other conditions can afflict your affairs badly then. October 3 poor. September 29 (late evening), September 30 (late afternoon), and October 1 (around dusk) can be upsetting, too.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Unusual possibilities for many Leonians. September 30 (to 8 a.m.), October 4 (afternoon), October 5 (afternoon), and October 6 (midday) all very fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Matters attempted under good auspices recently may culminate satisfactorily or improve on October 4 (afternoon), October 5 (afternoon), or October 6 (midday). Work hard, but wisely.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Excellent opportunities for advancement, gains, changes, favors, new ventures, and new happiness. Make good use of October 4 (from noon to 5 p.m. and after 11 p.m.), October 5 (afternoon), and October 6 (midday hour). September 29 (early afternoon), September 30 (to 9 a.m.) and October 1 (from 5 to 6 p.m.) also good. October 2 and October 4 (early) poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Not a particularly helpful week, so attend to routine tasks and avoid new ventures. October 2 (evening) poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): Planetary radiations favor you considerably. Plan to reach desired goals or start semi-important ventures on October 4 (afternoon), October 5 (afternoon), and October 6 (11 a.m. to 2 p.m.). Be cautious on September 29 and October 2.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Be very wary on October 2, for all sorts of annoyances, difficulties, disappointments, partings, and upsets are likely. Avoid changes, new ventures, discord, hurts, doubts, and worry. October 3, October 4 (early), and September 30 (late) poor, too. Routine best.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Utilise every moment of September 30 (to 8 p.m.), then be cautious. September 29 (afternoon), good, but late evening poor. October 1 (to 5 p.m.) fair, then good to 6 p.m., and adverse to 8 p.m. October 2 to October 6 poor.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Not a spectacular week, so keep to routine affairs. September 29 (evening), September 30 (late afternoon), and October 1 (dusk) poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have unearthed a plot to destroy a large naval shipyard. A plane loaded with explosives, with which **THE OCTOPUS:** Head of a gang of international spies, intended to blow up the yard, is destroyed in the air. Returning to the army aerodrome, Mandrake hurries to release

**PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, who has been placed in a police cell for safety, and next day takes her to a party. On the way home the magician uses his hypnotic powers to save an old man from two thugs, whereupon the victim introduces himself as **DR. GRIFF:** And promises to meet Mandrake soon—probably on the morrow. **NOW READ ON:**



THIS IS MANDRAKE. OH, HELLO, FOOTE. YOU WANT ME TO COME TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT RIGHT AWAY? BUT—WHY? ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.



WHAT CAN THEY WANT WITH ME AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT? WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT.



AH, MANDRAKE, WE MEET AGAIN, JUST LIKE I SAID WE WOULD!



DR. GRIFF WANTS TO SEE YOU DO ONE OF YOUR AMAZING TRICKS.



HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT, JUST TO DO A TRICK?



PLEASE DO ONE, MANDRAKE. THEN WE'LL EXPLAIN.



AMAZING! IT'S MAGICAL! MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—THE DESK SEEMS TO TURN INTO A...

DR. GRIFF ASKED ME ABOUT YOUR POWERS. I COULDN'T EXPLAIN—AND THOUGHT AN ACTUAL DEMONSTRATION WOULD BE SIMPLER.



MANDRAKE IS JUST THE MAN I NEED.

I'M FLATTERED—BUT WHY DO YOU WANT ME?



DR. GRIFF IS WORKING ON A NEW INVENTION OF TREMENDOUS IMPORTANCE TO US. WE WILL SHOW IT TO YOU—AND THEN EXPLAIN WHY WE NEED YOU!

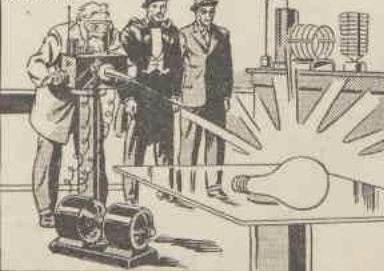


ONLY A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE KNOW ABOUT IT, THE WAR DEPARTMENT CAN TRUST YOU WITH THE SECRET. NATURALLY.

HERE IS AN ORDINARY LIGHT BULB. THERE ARE NO WIRES, NO CONNECTIONS OF ANY SORT, JUST A PLAIN BULB, ALL BY ITSELF.



DR. GRIFF GOES TO A CURIOUS MACHINE. THERE IS A BUZZING SOUND—AND TWENTY FEET AWAY, THE BULB IS LIGHTED!



THIS MACHINE PROJECTS ACTUAL ELECTRIC ENERGY, ELECTRIC CURRENT, INTO THE AIR—WITHOUT THE USE OF WIRES!



DR. GRIFF POINTS THE BARREL OF HIS INVENTION AT THE AUTO ENGINE—THE BUZZING SOUND IS HEARD—AND THE AUTO ENGINE STOPS!



WHEN MY EXPERIMENTS ARE COMPLETED, I WILL BE ABLE TO STOP MOTORS A MILE AWAY—FIVE MILES AWAY—ALMOST ANY DISTANCE!



SEE WHAT THIS MEANS, MANDRAKE? IT MAKES ALL MODERN AEROPLANES OBSOLETE! IT TOSSES ALL ENEMY AIR-POWER INTO THE JUNK-HEAP, THE GREATEST DEFENSE WEAPON IN HISTORY! AND IT BELONGS TO US!



TO BE CONTINUED





**AMERICAN BRIDE**, Lieut.-Col. Thomas Blamey and Georgia Calderwood Roberts marry in Arlington, Virginia, U.S.A. Bridegroom is son of General Sir Thomas Blamey, and member of Australian Military Mission to America.



**THREE SERVICES** at Y.W.C.A. A.C.M. Joan Anderson, W.A.A.F., sells shilling stamps to Gunner J. Mulholland, A.I.F., and A.C.I. Eric Court, R.A.A.F., for National Shilling Drive for Servicewomen.

## Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

**COMMITTEE** for Bundles for Britain and Australia telephones to Canberra to ask Lady Gowrie to be patroness for their Merchant Navy Club, which will be opened shortly.

Answer is "Delighted."

Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, president of women's committee, tells me that the club will be situated in central part of city and will be furnished in most comfortable fashion. Will have dining-room, recreation hall, showers, lockers, and sailors will have facilities to press and repair their clothes.

"We think that club for Allied sailors is necessary. We want them to feel that club is home from home. It will be open all day and until midnight," she says.

Wives and relatives of sailors have promised to help, and a cheque for £500 has already been received. It is hoped to establish similar clubs in all other Australian ports.

**FULL** house at symphony concert at Town Hall arranged by Lady Gordon, Mrs. R. C. Dixon, and Mrs. Hope Gibson for National Shilling Drive.

Pretty girls sell programmes and tickets for competition, prize for which is orchids given by Mrs. Dixon.

**Large** Vice-Regal party includes Lord and Lady Gowrie, Lord and Lady Wakehurst, Sir John and Lady Butlers, Sir Frederick and Lady Jordan, and Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Oberg.

**AGREEABLE** surprise for Naval War Auxiliary members when Lieutenant-Commander J. H. C. Read presents them with two-storied dolls' house, to be prize in lucky number competition to raise funds.

Commander Read made the house on doctor's orders. His hand was injured in Singapore action, and, in order to cure it, he was advised to take up a hobby such as toy-making.

Result is beautifully-constructed house, complete in every detail, even to tiny hand-painted watercolours hanging on wall.

It is on display at rooms of auxiliary at 369 George Street, where tickets may be obtained.



**ORGANISING DANCE**, Peggy Bissett (left) and Jo Grimshaw, members of A.B.C. staff war funds committee. Working for masquerade ball to be held at Town Hall on October 16. Proceeds for convalescent hut at 113th A.G.H.

**CABLE** from America to announce birth of son to Lieutenant and Mrs. Otto Carl Schatz at Bakersfield, California. Mrs. Schatz is daughter of late David McCathie and of Mrs. McCathie, The Hermitage, Vacluse. Baby to be called David.

**NEW** home at Balmoral for Dr. Jim Conquest and his wife, formerly Eileen Peppard.

They marry in Melbourne at St. John's, Clifton Hill, and spend honeymoon at seaside.

Jim, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Conquest, of St. Kilda, is resident doctor at Lewisham Hospital.



**REHEARSAL**, Mary Shang (left) and Betty Wong Lee, attractive members of Chinese community, who will play and sing at reception on October 16 in honor of 32nd anniversary of Chinese Republic.

**ATTEND** 28th annual meeting of N.S.W. Division of Red Cross at Assembly Hall, and hear Mr. Wilfrid Johnson, chairman, present fine report of work during past year. Lady Wakehurst talks about work of V.A.s.

From Melbourne comes Mr. Dudley Turner, chairman of Australian Red Cross, to speak on Red Cross activities overseas. Much interest in what he says on problem of prisoners of war.

Regrets from Lady Gowrie that she cannot be present. Suffering from severe cold.

**MEET** attractive Madame Klaudia Mikheyev, wife of Soviet journalist who has come from Moscow to open branch of "Tass," famous news agency.

Apologises modestly for poor English, but in spite of it manages to tell thrilling story of Soviet women's bravery in front line and factory.

Her own sister, Tamara, is with an anti-aircraft unit, and she herself worked in Red Cross hospital until time of leaving Moscow. She was also doing course at Foreign Languages section at Moscow University.

Madame Mikheyev has left her twelve-year-old daughter at Kulybshev, with her mother.

"I am sorry she did not come with me, but it is a long journey to Australia. Besides, I did not wish to interrupt her schooling," she adds.

**HEAR** of an interesting branch of war work in Melbourne from visitor Mrs. Alec Creswick, whose home is at Toorak. It's part-time voluntary munitions work at Melbourne University.

Group of women formed by Mrs. Geoff Adams volunteered to make munitions in their spare time. Most of them have families and homes to care for, so few hours is all they can manage.



**MILITARY** wedding, Lieutenant Bob Holloway, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Ann Harnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Harnes, Kensington. Lieutenant Holloway was in Tobruk.

**MARRIAGE** of Katherine Booth and Lieutenant Allister Savage, R.A.N., is arranged in few days. Ceremony takes place at St. Stephen's.

Allister was officer in H.M.A.S. Canberra, and fellow-officers from ship attend wedding.

Katherine is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Booth, of Dubbo, and her husband is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Savage, of Robe, South Australia.

Few days after wedding there is further excitement for family when cable is received from Sheila Booth, V.A. in Middle East. She announces engagement to Major J. H. G. Comber, of the 197th South Nottinghamshire Hussars Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, London.

"WASHINGTON, D.C., is one of the loveliest cities in the world. Sorry to leave, but glad to be back in Australia," says Mrs. D. H. Harries.

Her husband, Commander Harries, is Naval Attaché at Australian Legation. Just before leaving she met Sir Owen Dixon, Australian Minister to America, and his wife.

"They were busy settling into Legation," she says. "Think they will both be very popular."

Mrs. Harries was working for the American Red Cross, and also for British War Relief.

She has now taken flat at Edgecliff, and has been joined by her small son, Sandy, who has been living with Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Street at Cessnock during his parents' absence.



**NEWLY-APPOINTED** commercial attaché for U.S.A., Mr. Lacey Zapf, and his wife. Have just returned from America after spending some months there. Will make future home at Canberra.

## Heard Around TOWN

**WEDDING** of Margot Waddell and Captain Tom Macaulay takes place this Saturday at St. Mark's, Casino, Bishop of Grafton, Dr. W. A. Sterenson, to perform ceremony.

Tom is just back from Middle East after distinguished military service. Was awarded Military Cross and mentioned in despatches. Is now instructing at officers' training school.

Margot's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Henry J. Waddell, have planned reception in garden of their home, Monte Carlo.

Bridegroom, only son of the J. J. Macaulays, of Rockhampton, will be attended by Pilot-Officer Tony Hockings.

**ENGAGEMENT** announced, Julia Holland, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. P. Holland, of Manly, to Lieut. Bob Greene, A.I.F., eldest son of late Robert Greene and Mrs. Greene, of Moaman, formerly of Orange.

**NEWS** is received of birth of son to Mr. and Mrs. Ricky Vock, of Bombay. Mrs. Vock was formerly Jean Hollis, of Vacluse, and has lived in India since her marriage to Ricky.

Baby is to be called Christopher Frederick.



# Allied forces stage Olympic Games in desert



**U.S.A. FORCES**, members of the R.A.A.F. and the A.I.F., staged their own "Olympic Games" at a battle station in inland Australia. The U.S.A. won. Picture shows U.S. soldier R. Kopp winning the broad jump.



**AUSTRALIA LEADS.** Soldiers cheer the news that Australia has taken a temporary lead in the track games. The Allied forces enjoyed the fun of meeting together in friendly sporting rivalry.



**HIGH JUMP.** Won by U.S.A. Games resulted: U.S.A., 139 points; R.A.A.F., 77; and Army 62.



**WIN IN TUG-OF-WAR.** R.A.A.F. won this event from the A.I.F., with U.S.A. anchored by Sergeant Hughie Logan, with Pilot-Officer Sinclair, Flight-Sergeant Britt, Corporal Henderson, Sergeant Usbeck, and A.c.l. Carr. It was the most exciting event of the day.



# THE VASE of DEATH

**She was worth any man's smile, Raegan thought, but he was wary of her charm.**

**I**N the vase were three balls, one black and two white. If I drew the black ball, it meant I must die. Three of us were convicted. Manuel Garcia, Arturo Martinez, and myself, "Red" Raegan. Three of equal guilt, the law said. But, according to Bolivian statute, only one may be executed for a single crime.

The trial was over. Nothing remained except for one of us to be shot.

"Odds might be worse, at that," I grinned to my attorney. He had done everything he could, and I didn't want him to feel low about it.

The anfora reos, which means vase of the condemned, was in sight on the bench directly in front of the judge. In rapid Spanish the court's clerk was reading the statute which applies to its use. Naturally I understood him, having spent most of my majority as a mining engineer south of the line. "Hard-rock Raegan," they call me, and they'll tell you I'm as tough as any rock I ever cracked.

Still, it wasn't so very easy to keep a stiff lip as I sat staring at that vase. I'm pretty much of a gambler, but I like a run for my chips, and this game was a bit too simple. You just stick to your thumb and pull out a plum; and if it's black they shoot you.

The worst of it was that of all the devilment I've done in my day, this time I was really innocent. My co-defendants, Martinez and Garcia, were guilty all right. Naturally they were glad enough to have me in it with them. Why? Simply because it gave each of them a three-to-one chance, instead of only a two-to-one chance, to draw a white ball from the vase.

"—only for parricide or treason," the clerk was droning. He went on to recite the Bolivian law which abolishes capital punishment except for the murder of a near relative, and for murder connected with a plot to overthrow the government.

Which didn't help me at all, because my conviction came under (b) of that heading.

I looked at Manuel Garcia and saw that he was scared stiff. Martinez, though, was cocky enough. The anfora reos didn't seem to worry him a bit.

He was facing not towards the bench but towards the courtroom. I followed his eyes to a lady in mourning. She was on the rear row and I recognised her as the Senora Eusebio Sandoval, widow of the man for whose murder we had just been convicted. Arturo Martinez' waxen smile did not fade or wince as his eyes met the lady's. It was like him to be brazen that way.

Under other circumstances, I thought, the Senora Sandoval would have been worth any man's smile. She was about thirty, which isn't too old even for a Boliviana. The lady had style plus, too. According to the papers, that mourning gown she wore had just been airmailed from New York.

The judge was speaking and I faced back towards the bench.

"The execution," he announced, "will be one week from to-day. Until then, it is the decree of this court that the convicted shall not know which two of them shall live and which one shall die. Therefore they will draw from the anfora reos only an hour before the execution. Return them to their cells, bailiff."

Suspense for one week! It was a neat touch, I thought. Even the two of us destined to be spared must sweat for seven days and nights in a death cell.

So we were marched out across the courtyard and back to our cells. Naturally I didn't share a cell with Martinez and Garcia. The warden knew I'd knock their heads together if I had half a chance. For in court I'd accused them of implicating me by deliberate perjury—in order to include me in the roll of guilt.

They were put into a cell directly across a corridor from mine. Through the bars I could see Garcia whimpering like a whipped pup. But Martinez kept the same suave poise

he'd held all through the trial. I saw him light a cigarette and puff cool smoke rings my way. His smile was derisive.

My attorney followed to my cell for a final, futile condolence.

"Perhaps, señor," he offered sadly, "you will draw the white ball."

"Which would save me from being shot," I growled. "But they'd still keep me in prison."

The attorney's face brightened. "Ah, but not for so long, señor! This is a political crime, verdad? So the first time there is a change of administration, or perhaps a coup of state—pouf!" He snapped his fingers.

And he was right. My only real peril lay in being shot one week from to-day. Elections were due next month, with the odds fairly sure to get in. Also, pressure in my favor would in time come from Washington. In the end I was sure to be released—provided I could draw a white ball from the vase.

The attorney left me.

Later Johnnie Webb came along. Johnnie was American vice-consul at Potosi, and for weeks he'd been burning the cables to get me out of this. "It's no luck so far, Red," he reported dolefully. "Give me time and I could show results, maybe. But one week isn't enough. After all you did shoot a cabinet member, and—"

I cut in bitterly. "Blast you, Johnnie, how many times must I tell you I didn't shoot that guy? All I did was stick a gun in his ribs. And how was I to know that he was an assistant secretary of war? I didn't even know I was guarding an arsenal."

"Who hired you for this job, Red?" Webb prodded.

"Arturo Martinez," I said. "He knew I was out of work. And he'd heard I'm a scrapper. So he comes to me and says, 'Señor, in the cellar of my hacienda I have gold ore which is stored there pending litigation as to the ownership of a mine from which it came. Bandits may raid it, señor. So I will pay you to guard my house.'"

"Well, I was atony broke, so I took the job. There were two guards. The other was Garcia. Our orders were not to let anyone enter the house. I was standing

guard in front when a man rode up on a horse. He tried to push by me, and I put a gun in his ribs."

"And shot him dead," Webb supplied helplessly.

"That," I contested, "is what Martinez and Garcia claim. But I didn't. It was Martinez who came out and shot the man. Dropped him cold in his tracks there. Carabineros heard the shot and came on the run. They pinched the pack of us, searched the house, and found it full of rifles. Not until then did I find out that the dead man was Eusebio Sandoval, assistant-secretary of war, and that a revolution had just been nipped in the bud."

## JOHNNIE WEBB

gave a half-credulous shrug. "All right, Red. If that's your story, stick to it."

"If you think I'm lying," I flared, "you can jump in the—"

"Don't get sore, Red," he broke in. "I'll run along now and shoot another cable to Washington."

I had a dismal hunch that it wouldn't do any good. Nothing would do me any good except a white ball from that vase.

Six days dragged by. Johnnie Webb called once, merely to report no luck with his intercession. My Bolivian attorney called twice; pure courtesy, nothing more. Three times a day a guard brought me my meals. A priest came and read me passages of consolation. He did the same for Martinez and Garcia, in the other cell.

Garcia was maudlin by that time. I saw him grovel in his cell, sobbing like a baby. But Arturo Martinez kept his bold front.



*"I come because you were the last to see my husband alive, señor," she said.*

On the sixth day he called across to me: "It makes a nice gamble, does it not, amigo? Like the game of poker. Only there should be five in it, instead of only three. Que trife!" His smile mocked me. "Too bad I did not hire two more guards, señor! With five to draw from the vase—Ah! such a game would carry only the hazard to be amusing."

At sundown of that sixth day I had a surprise caller. The Senora Eusebio Sandoval! It jolted me when a guard brought her to my cell. Of all the women in Bolivia I would last of all have expected this one.

She came heavily veiled, and in that stunning mourner's gown shipped by airmail from New York. More than that, she wanted to be left alone with me a moment. And as the widow of a cabinet member, she was not denied this request.

My first guess was that she had a gun under her cape and was coming in to deal personal retribution. Maybe she didn't like the idea of two out of her husband's three murderers being spared, and so had come to kill us all herself.

Then I realised that the gaolers would have that same suspicion. Therefore she was sure to have been searched.

I relaxed as the guard let her in. She advanced to me and I saw again that she was beautiful. And vain, too. For even under her mourning veil I saw that her lips were painted, and that she wore bold, globular earrings which might have been pearls.

The guards, at her request, withdrew out of hearing for a moment.

Then she said to me, "I come because you were the last to see my husband alive, señor."

"That goes for Martinez and Garcia, too," I said. "We were all there when it happened."

"To them I will make the same request I make of you, señor."

"Which is?"

"That you return to me a ring which my husband wore, and which was missing when they brought his body home. It is the one I gave him at our betrothal. It has value only for me, señor. A prized family heirloom. If you will tell me when it is I will pay a thousand pesos for your estate—and I will say nothing to disgrace your name."

It made me mad, of course. To be convicted of shooting her husband was bad enough. But the boiled me over. "I don't see corpses, lady. If you've nothing else on your mind, will you please go?"

"I am sorry to offend, señor," she murmured, and left my cell.

I saw her cross to the cell of Martinez and Garcia. The guard admitted her there and withdrew out of hearing a minute. I knew she was repeating her proposition about a lost ring.

I heard Martinez retort coldly to her. He, too, was above stripping a dead man's finger. Garcia waited though. It would have been quite like him to snatch anything of value from the corpse.

If he was guilty of that, fright made him deny it now. I saw Senora Sandoval come sadly from the cell. Then, as she passed its own, I was struck by some false change in her appearance. Through the veil, her face didn't seem quite natural.

She went on down the corridor and out of sight. And then it occurred to me that her visit hadn't ring quite true. If she expected one of us of having stripped a ring from the victim, why hadn't she sent an attorney?

I spent half the night trying to figure that out, then gave it up. Near morning a priest came again. After a solemn half hour with us he crossed to the other cell. Since it wasn't known which of us was to die, they were treating us alike.



# ... By ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

Sultry dawn broke through the bars of my window. I tried to hope that Johnnie Webb might show up with some hopeful word at that last minute. But he didn't.

The execution was set for nine o'clock. And at eight they came for us. I was taken out under heavy guard, as were both Martinez and Garcia.

They marched us out into the courtyard. We had to cross this to reach the courtroom where that infernal lottery known as the anfora reos awaited us.

On the way we were lined up against a wall, rehearsing for the execution to come! Then a guard cried briskly: "Forward march!" and headed us on our way again.

In the courtroom we found a packed house. Even the gallery was filled.

The vase, a tall, grey vessel about four inches in diameter, stood on the bench directly in front of the judge. It was about a foot deep. I should say, so that a man reaching in for a ball must plunge in his forearm to the elbow.

A chatter from the audience hushed as we, the condemned, entered. I saw tension on every face, and particularly on the face of la Senora Eusebio Sandoval, seated in the third row.

We three were arraigned before the bench. The judge addressed us briskly, clearly in a hurry to get it over with. First he made us hold up our hands, palms forward, to make sure they were bare. Then he said to us, "You will draw lots from this vase. I will now empty the vase to show you that it contains three balls, two white and one black."

He did so, rolling the balls out into his hand and exposing them to us. They were quite alike except for color, and each resembled a small agate marble.

His honor now dropped them back into the vase.

"You will draw in alphabetical order," he announced. "Garcia, Martinez, Raegan. Manuel Garcia, step forward and draw from the anfora."

With his face twitching, Garcia stepped forward. The top of the vase was just above the level of his eyes so that he could not look in. His right arm reached up with the elbow crooked, and I saw it delve into the vase.

**F**OR a breathless moment it remained there, as though the man couldn't bear to expose his fate. For Garcia, it meant either salvation or doom. My own pulse was pounding; if he drew the black ball it would all be over. Neither Martinez nor I would need to draw at all.

And still Garcia stood there, with his eyes rolling dumbly. Then, slowly, he withdrew his arm from the vase. It came out with the hand clenched and enclosing a ball.

Garcia held that closed hand in front of the judge; then one by one his fingers spread back to expose the draw.

The ball was white. I heard a sigh of relief from Garcia. Then a ripple of murmurs ran through the court as this first cord of tension relaxed.

But instantly it tightened again. Martinez must draw next. Then I, Red Raegan, must draw from the vase of death.

I saw the judge take the white ball from Garcia's hand. He held it so that all could witness that it was white.

Then he said to us: "Manuel Garcia drew from a vase containing three balls. It is only fair that the others draw under exactly the same odds. One out of three chances for the black ball. Therefore I shall now drop this white ball back into the vase." He did so, then continued, "Martinez will draw next, and then Raegan. If both should draw a white ball, the operation will be repeated until one man draws a black."

That, I admitted, was fair enough.

Martinez reached into the vase and his arm disappeared to the elbow. Then promptly it came out—and his hand held a white ball.

"Que suerte!" he murmured. Which is to say, what luck!

The judge took the ball, exposed it to the court. After recording this draw, he dropped the ball back into the vase.

It was now my turn and I stepped forward. No use making a show of it, I thought. No use thumbing those balls while I wondered which was black. So my fingers closed on

the first ball they touched, there in the bowl of the vase.

Out came my hand, clenched over a ball.

I held it in front of the judge. He leaned forward with a morbid interest to see what I would expose.

I forced a grin. "Here's my hand, judge," I said, and opened it.

The ball was black.

The judge took it. He made the clerk record the fact of it and then dropped it back into the vase.

To me he said solemnly, "It is the law, Raegan." He signalled the guards to take me out.

I saw a smile of mock pity on the face of Arturo Martinez. Garcia, near him, was hugging himself at being delivered from death.

The guards, closing about me instantly, marched me towards the courtyard exit. The firing squad was waiting out there. A few minutes more and ten bullets would be fired at my heart.

At a moment like that, a man lives a long time. His brain either goes dead, or it flashes with inspired light. For the first few seconds of that march towards the door, my own was numb. Then out of the blur a face emerged. It was the face of a woman in the third row. The Senora Eusebio Sandoval.

She had raised her veil in order to see better the color of balls being drawn from the vase. For an instant her eyes met mine. Then they winced away and I followed them to Arturo Martinez. That would have meant nothing—except that all at once I solved a mystery which had puzzled me half of last night.

Last night I'd been struck by some faint alteration in the woman's appearance, after her visit to the cell block. And now the answer

pierced me with the sharpness of a sword.

Although guards held my arms, I managed to whirl about and face the bench.

"Your honor," I begged, "may I make one last statement?"

"Already you have made statements," he answered tersely, and waved me on.

They dragged me another step towards the exit. But I had something to build a fight on now. So I jerked about again towards the bench. This time I shouted, "If you don't listen, you'll be sorry, Judge. Because you'll find out the truth after I'm shot—when it's too late!"

"Bien," the judge growled. "You may make a last statement, but be brief."

I was led back to the bench.

**T**HERE, I said, "Your Bolivian law permits execution only for two crimes, parricide and treason. Is that correct, Judge?"

His head bowed grudgingly in assent.

"That's all I want to know, Judge," I said. "Then you can't execute me for being present with a gun when a jealous husband was shot by his wife's lover. That's murder, all right, but it's not parricide or treason."

If I hit the judge with my fist, he couldn't have been more shocked, and the crowd roared.

The judge pounded for order. He barked at me, "What you can't prove means nothing, young man!"

"But I can prove it," I challenged. "What's more, I'll have it proved before those beads of sweat melt

on the brow of Arturo Martinez. And before Senora Sandoval can find a veil thick enough to hide her blush."

Truth was, I was guessing. What kept me going was a certainty that conclusive proof, one way or the other, lay right before our eyes; evidence which would either completely establish, or completely deny, my contention.

I talked fast, from there on. "Your prosecutor," I said, "built his case on a theory that Eusebio Sandoval galloped up to the house of Arturo Martinez and demanded entry, on suspicion that the house contained an arsenal of revolutionary rifles; that I barred his entrance with a gun, which is true; that Martinez and Garcia came out to help me, which is also true; that one of us shot him dead, which is also true; and that the house actually did contain revolutionary rifles, which is true."

"Then you admit everything!" the judge stormed. He was blazing with impatient anger.

"What I don't admit," I retorted, "is the alleged motive of Sandoval's approach to the house. If he came to seize a revolutionary arsenal, why didn't he come with a troop of soldiers? You forget that he had a beautiful wife; and that his call was at the house of a handsome caballero. My charge is that he came to that house not to look for rifles—but for his own wife."

"Stop him!" came shrilly from Senora Sandoval. "It is not truth."

The judge bellowed, "I shall not permit you, a condemned man, to insult a lady. You have no proof."

"Except this—" I said. "Last evening the lady called at my cell. Her excuse for calling was flimsy and insincere, trumped up merely so that she could call next and plausibly at the cell of Arturo Martinez

When she came out of that cell her face had a different look. Why?"

I turned towards the courtroom and continued quickly, "because she went in wearing earrings and came out without them. The earrings had seemed to be large imitation pearls. She took them in that way to fool the warders, in case they searched for anything she shouldn't be taking into a cell."

"Actually," I asserted, "in her earrings were set white balls exactly like the white balls in the anfora reos. She gave one to Martinez and one to Garcia. Garcia had to be protected also because he knows the truth. Look at him, you can see it on his face now."

Garcia began shrieking. "For Dios!" he yelled. "I am only a poor peon. I only do what they tell me—"

He stopped, and it was because Martinez gave him a vicious kick on the shin. I finished in a flash. "Martinez put the white ball up his sleeve. Garcia did the same."

"When each man reached in to draw from the vase he did not touch the three balls already there. What he actually produced and exposed to this court was a makeshift ear-ring lately worn by la Sandoval. Believe it or not, Judge. I you don't take a look in the vase of death."

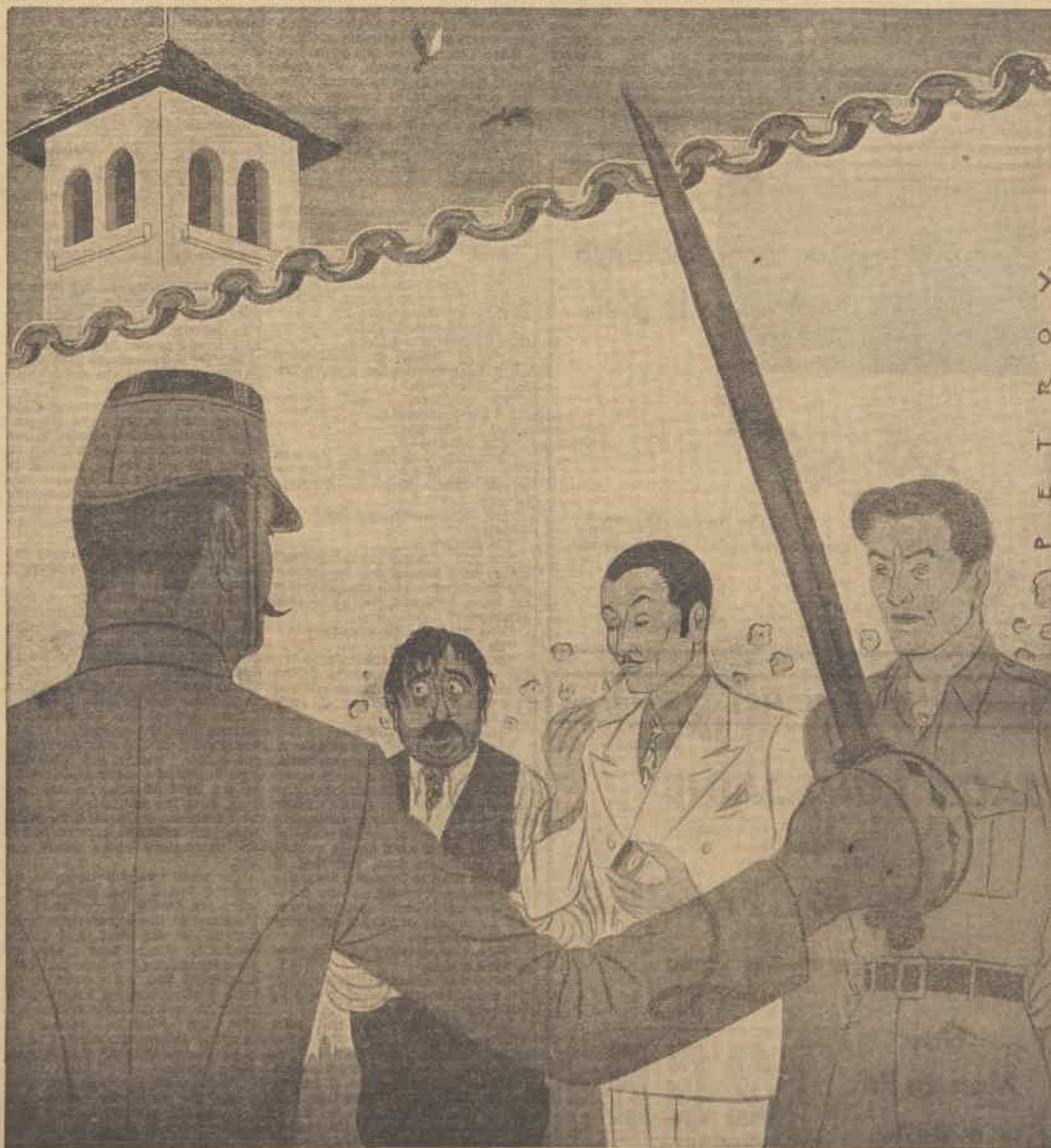
The judge reached for the vase. I saw him stare into it. El alcalde leaned close to peer in also. Then I made a jump to the rostrum for a look myself.

Yes, I was right.

In the vase were five balls. One was black and four were white.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



"Forward march!" the guard cried briskly.



## College singers now world-famous

How "The King's Men" made good

Really good harmony quartets are rare, the reason being that it is extremely difficult to find four voices and temperaments that blend.

One of the finest and most popular in radio in years has been "The King's Men." Their four voices blend perfectly and seemingly they avoid those disagreements which wreck so many quartets.

**T**HE story of "The King's Men," who are back on the air from station 2GB at 9 o'clock every Sunday night, goes back to 1929, when four college students in Los Angeles formed a quartet to entertain at club and college affairs.

Soon they became known outside their University, and for three years they were featured on local radio programmes.

One day they sent recordings of their singing to Paul Whiteman, American master of light music, and he immediately booked them for appearances with his orchestra.

Since then they have been featured in many famous American radio programmes, with such artists as Fred Allen and Rudy Vallee. In addition, they have frequently appeared on the screen.

So great was their popularity in America that they were invited to make a series of recordings for broadcasting in Australia, and it is these which listeners to station 2GB will hear every Sunday night.

Ken Darby, the bass of the quartet, is also the arranger and pianist; the baritone is Rad Robinson; the top tenor Bud Linn, and the second tenor John Dobson.

One feature that has made largely for the popularity of the quartet is their wide and varied repertoire of songs. Each programme consists of six songs, and a typical broadcast,

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 1.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, October 2.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, October 3.—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, October 4.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, October 5.—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, October 6.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Olwen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

showing the versatility of these artists, comprises Noel Coward's "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "The Old Irish Air," "I Know Where I'm Going," the negro song, "Old Man Jonah," the Kentucky ballad, "Sour Wood Mountain," and a modern novelty, "Deedie Die Doo Die."

Particularly brilliant are their parodies on established classics such as "Rigoletto," while their modern arrangements of old nursery rhymes are a delight to hear. On the other hand, nothing could be smoother than their singing of such numbers as "Machushla" and "Sweet and Low."



PAULINE GARRICK, daughter of Stella Wilson, who is heard singing in 2GB's "Youth Show."

## The Reluctant Piano

Continued from page 6

**B**UT I WAS actually asking her to marry me, and it took some months to convince her that I meant what I said. Then she gave way, merely, she said, so that she could feel the piano belonged to her, too.

We should have been blissfully happy, but somehow I couldn't settle down. Men were joining up all round me, and every time I applied I was knocked back at the medical because of the old knee trouble. Eventually I gave up, and settled into a sort of morbid nerve state.

Then Nancy found out what was wrong and set to work. She took me to practically every specialist in the city, and made me try every treatment under the sun, finishing up with a course of electric massage. It worked. I came home one day and told her I'd been accepted and she burst into tears. Really women are the most contradictory, inconsistent—

Then the bills started to pour in—they came to over £50, and we didn't have a spare fiver. "Piano," I said dimly. "We'll have to sell it in the flat this time. What a hope! Though I hate parting with it. It brought me you, and you must have a piano when I'm away."

I worried over it all for a week, then I came to a decision.

Arriving home on Wednesday night, I counted five ten-pound notes into Nancy's lap.

"No questions," I said, cutting short her exclamations. "I've borrowed on the piano—"

"But, John!"

"Be quiet. I tell you I'm not going away to have you fretted by unpaid bills. This is different because—"

"But, John—" Nancy flew to her handbag.

"Be quiet!"

"I won't! You've got to take that money back immediately because—" she flourished a pink cheque under my nose. "I sold the piano this afternoon!"

"You what!!! To whom—"

"To Bee."

"But Bee lent me this money! It's the money she'd saved to go to London when war broke out and she said she'd always wanted my piano—"

"That's what she told me!"

I made a dash for the telephone. Bee was amused but unrepentant.

Yes, of course I knew she'd saved £200 to go to London, and then the war stopped her, and didn't I know perfectly well that her accompanist always grumbled at the old piano at home, and that she'd always wanted a piano of her own, and that it wouldn't have to be moved from the flat because, of course, she was coming to live with Nancy as mother was getting too old to have a new baby in the house—

"Whose new baby?" I said, uncomprehending.

Nancy was shrieking with laughter. "You wouldn't give me a chance to tell you," she said.

I dropped the receiver and Bee's voice gurgled on and on, unheeded—

So you see what I mean? If the chap who carved that piano hadn't made a mistake so that it turned out too big, I'd never have been able to buy it, and I wouldn't be sitting in a tent 'somewhere in the Middle East' looking at a very beautiful picture of a girl and a brand new blue-eyed baby. (Copyright)

## Mr. Gallup Gathers No Moths

Continued from page 4

**M**R. GALLUP glowered, then went on: "Instead of that, it was ten minutes afore the firemen reported water in the boiler room. That there water is being took into the vessel deliberately, and under control."

"Furthermore, sir, since ye knowed we was abandoning ship afore I told ye the master said so, I've an idea you knows somethink!"

"You might be right," the chief said, with unexpected reasonableness. "Perhaps there is something queer going on. But I've no part in it. Go in the boiler room there and see if everybody is out."

Yielding to a lifetime's instinct of obedience to his superiors, Mr. Gallup automatically did as he was told. The fires, automatically fuelled, still were roaring, and steam was up. But there was six inches of water on the boiler-room plates, and more pouring in.

As Mr. Gallup bent to the tunnel, returning to the engine-room, the lights went off. Hello, dynamo gone? he wondered, feeling his way cautiously between the hot boilers. He groped through the passage and re-entered the engine-room.

"Hey, chief! Show a light, sir, please?" he asked. There was no reply; no sound but the straining pumps, the suck and gurgle of gaining water. He fumbled in his pocket for a match, while apprehension seized him. Was this sinking a part of the plan of the Nazis?

Keeping the flickering match flame alive against the downward gusts of air from the deck above, as he moved towards the ladder, absorbed him so completely that Mr. Gallup failed to see the looming bulk of Chief Engineer Schreck as he stepped out of the shadows behind; nor had he a chance to fend against the spanner that crashed down on his head just as the match went out.

He pitched forward and fell with a splash. But since the blow had been glancing and Mr. Gallup had been blessed with a skull as hard and rugged as his character, he was out for only as long as it took to go down on his face in the cold sea water.

Reviving slowly, he got to his knees. Shaking his shaggy head like a wounded bull, he regained his feet.

He was reaching out his arms in blind groping for the ladder when suddenly a beam of light ahead of him cut through the blackness, and in a second or two he realised that it was the chief engineer playing an electric torch upon the sea-connection valve a few feet away.

The beam flashed around, and Mr. Gallup, just in time, got his ungainly frame behind an obstruction and automatically held his breath. Again the livid beam returned to the valve and Mr. Gallup crept forward and got close enough to see the chief engineer unburiedly twisting the valve that closed the sea-inlet connection.

Once more Mr. Gallup briefly was puzzled; then, suddenly, and with biting clarity, he understood.

The chief gave the valve a final tight twist, then turned; and in that second Mr. Gallup had him. A quick forward leap of his big, ungainly body, and two formidable, calloused hands closed around the chief's throat and hung on until he began to feel the man go limp.

Sure now of his location and direction, Mr. Gallup dragged him to the small workshop near the foot of the ladder. Slowly, but with the sure fingers of a sailor, and certain, in the light of what he had just seen, that the Steelside would not now founder, he fumbled for some wire, with which he expertly lashed the unconscious man's wrists and feet.

The night was still calm, the sea nothing but a long, greasy swell, when Mr. Gallup stepped from the blackness of the engine-room housing on to the deck and looked cautiously around him. The apparently sinking Steelside had been abandoned and her crowded boats were floating nearby, but the first thing his seaman's eyes noticed was that the boatfalls, instead of dangling loosely outboard, had all been drawn in onto the tanker's decks again.

Furthermore, she was not completely abandoned; for, besides himself and the securely trussed chief engineer below, there was Captain Oimsted, who stood now upon the bridge, looking calmly overboard.

"I am sorry," the shipmaster was

saying, "but this is war. You serve your country in one way, I serve mine in another. At dawn, some of my countrymen will appear here. And you will be taken care of then. Well taken care of. You may row away. You may scatter. But they will find you. For you understand, survivors talk, and we can't afford that. It might make it too difficult for us next time."

Mr. Gallup moved a little closer. "Meanwhile," Captain Oimsted continued pleasantly, exhibiting a formidable automatic pistol, "if any of you try to climb back aboard, I will kill you. And I am not alone. I have on board with me a friend—"

"Now come, sir!" said Mr. Gallup reproachfully. "That's stretching of the truth a bit too far! A friend? Why, I've hardly even met ye."

Captain Oimsted whirled, but already Mr. Gallup's vicious hands had wrested the pistol from him. "Now walk ahead o' me, sir," he said affably, "while I kick them boatfalls overboard again, so the crew can come back on board."

It was toward evening of the next day, and the Steelside, pumped out and shipshape again, was proceeding at her maximum revolutions in pursuit of the convoy, when Mr. Gallup,

### MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I can't understand why I have to take this medicine in water!"

In the late chief engineer's cabin, was relating his story again.

"And that's what they done with the Mount Rushville and them other vessels what was misin' out o' convoy. Afore we left port, the chief had took the manhole cover off the top o' the Number Two ballast tank and left it off. Then, last night, when he sent me to open the tank valve and the sea connection, the tank filled, then overflowed, filled the bilges and run aft to flood the ship."

"He could stop the water acomin' in at any time, o' course, by closing that sea connection, and the pumps would do the rest. Meantime it looked like a real sinking to the crew, so there was no trouble about getting 'em to abandon ship."

"But Captain Oimsted and the chief—" the third began.

"Very simple, sir," said Mr. Gallup complacently. "They was to stay on board till their friends showed up in the morning. Then the subs. would shell and sink the boats, refuel, take off the master and the chief, and torpedo the Steelside. A good job, did shipshape and no witnesses left. I hope," he added wistfully, "that message wot Sparks sent off after you come back aboard did some good."

He halted as a knock came at the door. "Come in."

It was the wireless operator, with a message in his hand.

As Mr. Gallup read, his features resolved themselves into a broad and gratified grin. "Listen to this," he said, and read aloud:

"To all north Atlantic ships. Relay message for Bellal Gallup, alias Bunker, heartiest thanks. Britannia reached rendezvous in time and got nice bag. Recommending you for George Cross. Don't worry about job. You will rejoin your ship on other side. Congratulations. Chisholm."

"Well, sir," Mr. Gallup said, highly pleased with himself, "like I told that there feller, Braun, or Wilson, or whatever his name was, I'm on a rollin' stone, sir, and a rollin' stone gathers no moths, but it do acquire a shine!"

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### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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● Pattern and embroidery motifs traced on a very nice spun crepe-de-chine. Just cut out, sew and embroider at your ease.

THE bonnet and bib illustrated at right come to you in lovely soft shades of pink and blue, also in white spun crepe-de-chine. The bonnet has the shaped crown which fits so snugly, and the front is turned back to reveal the dainty embroidery.

The bib is double, with scalloped edge and embroidery motif. We suggest that an ordinary frock preserver be placed between the front and the facing. This holds the bib in good shape and keeps baby quite dry.

In sizes infants to 12 months, prices are: Bonnet, 3/6 plus 2 coupons; bib, 3/- plus 2 coupons. Please add 3d. postage.



264

WHEN ORDERING this bib or bonnet, please quote No. 264.

## Charming 3-piece duchesse set

THE all-over conventional design of this set will appeal to lovers of easy, effective embroidery.

The set is now available from our Needlework Department traced ready to make on a very good quality

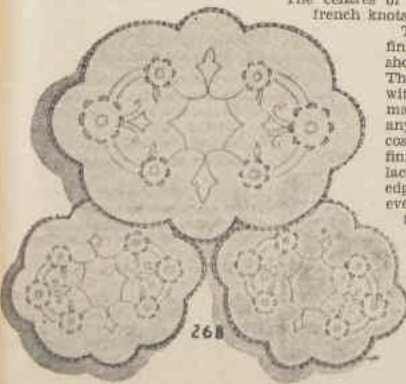
organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue.

Only the easiest stitches are used. The flowers are completely filled in with satin-stitch, while the leaves, lines and centre are in stem-stitch. The centres of the flowers are in french knots and stem-stitch.

To illustrate the finished article the set shows a lace finish. This is not supplied with the article, but may be obtained at any store at very low cost. We suggest you finish off the set with lace, or buttonhole the edge and then cut evenly all round. This too is most effective.

Price for set (one centre and two small mats) is 3/6, plus 3d. postage.

N.B.—If ordering by mail, please use addresses given in the concession coupon at right.



268



# GEORGE FORMBY GREETSS AUSSIES IN BRITAIN

\*\*\*

**M**EMBERS of the Australian forces in England recently spent a day at Elstree studios at the invitation of Columbia Pictures. The boys met George Formby and his wife Beryl, who posed with them in the group at right. Among the Australians who met George were Sgt. W. M. Miller, R.A.A.F.; Sgt. Ramsey, R.A.A.F.; Sgt. A. S. Michie, R.A.A.F.; Cpl. K. J. Story, Cpl. K. Ross, Sapper W. L. Brettargh, Spr. J. Carrigh, Spr. A. M. Henry, Spr. J. C. Henry, Sgt. M. S. MacDonald, R.A.A.F.; Sgt. J. V. McCartin, R.A.A.F.; and Pilot-Officer J. Bacon, R.A.A.F.

\*\*\*\*\*



## Day-nursery scheme of three young players

VIOLA MACDONALD'S Hollywood cable

**A** SPECIAL day-nursery for the children of mothers engaged in war work has been founded by three stars—Linda Dornell, Ann Miller, and Louise Britton. Its location is in a local valley, near a big aeroplane plant.

"We are re-doing the house we have rented," said Linda to me, outlining the scheme. "Trained attendants are being engaged to provide suitable meals for the youngsters, and medical care has been provided for."

"To take away any 'charity tag,' every mother will pay 4/6 a week. The rest of the expenses Ann, Louise, and I are making up out of our own salaries."

**VETERAN** Dame May Whitty will have her husband, Ben Webster, as her film partner in Metro's "Lassie Come Home." Former well-known Shakespearean actor, Webster has been living here in comfortable retirement. He and Dame May celebrated their golden wedding just a few weeks ago.

**ACTRESS** Virginia Field (wife of New York radio announcer Paul Douglas) is expecting the stock.

**ALFRED HITCHCOCK** told me yesterday how he discovered ten-year-old Edna May Wonnacot for an important part in his new thriller, "I was on my way to the studio when I saw the pigtailed youngster waiting for the bus, and decided she was just the type I needed for the role." So watch for Edna, daughter of a Los Angeles grocer, in her first film, "Shadow of Doubt."

**RITA HAYWORTH'S** collapse while on a War Bonds sales tour is put down as due to nervous exhaustion. She lost 10lb. in a week. Now she is to remain in hospital for another fortnight, and has been forbidden to think of film work for another month.

**RAYMOND MASSEY** is off to his native Canada to rejoin his old regiment of World War I, but this time with the rank of major. Massey's 17-year-old son, Geoffrey, who is in the Royal Canadian Air Force, is waiting to welcome his father. The actor is now rushing through his final scenes in "Action in the North" before saying goodbye to his Hollywood friends for the duration.

**JOAN FONTAINE** is now working three days a week as a V.A. at the Children's Hospital, starting her duty at 7 o'clock each morning. "Getting my nurse's cap in our class graduation was a thrill almost as great as receiving the Academy Award," said Joan to me yesterday. The little star of "Rebecca" and "Suspicion" is not at all robust, and she is being much admired in the colony for this choice of strenuous duties.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

### ★★★ MRS. MINIVER

(Week's Best Release)

Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, (MGM.)

**T**HIS is probably the best film about wartime England to come out of Hollywood—because it is the most sincere. It is, simply, the story of a well-to-do family living in an English village.

Shown first in peacetime summer the Minivers experience war's tremendous events, from Dunkirk to the 1941 bombing of Britain. To their own lovely home come love, death—and the Nazi enemy himself, in the person of an escaped pilot. Yet the Minivers and their neighbors carry on with an exalting courage that has time to applaud a rose-show, as well as face death from the skies. Tremendously warming, poignant, and magnificently restrained, "Mrs. Miniver" is one of the great films, a triumph of subtle propaganda, direction and acting.

Greer Garson's Mrs. Miniver, Henry Wilcoxon's vicar, Teresa Wright's lovely girl who marries the fighter-pilot Miniver lad are only a few of the vivid characterisations. It is an eloquent film in its depiction of the gay courage with which these people meet adversity, and most enchanting entertainment. The characters, solid without sham, are people you would be charmed to meet in real life. The stars are superb, tiny Christopher Severn

**MICHELE MORGAN** married Warners' actor Bill Marshall in a simple ceremony. The French actress and the young American announced their engagement only a few weeks ago. It is the first marriage for both.

**BING CROSBY** and Dorothy Lamour are starring in Paramount's musical, "Dixie," with Crosby appearing as original minstrel man Dan Emmett, who wrote the famous song "Dixie" before the Civil War.

**PRETTY** Joan Leslie is excitedly practicing her dance steps. Warners have lent her to RKO to be Fred Astaire's leading lady in "Look Out Below."

**MARLENE DIETRICH** would like to become a cameraman! Army call-ups have certainly depleted the ranks of technicians. But it was with the utmost seriousness that Marlene told me: "I am a qualified lensman. I learnt camera technique properly from producer Josef von Sternberg." So we may see her behind the cameras yet.

**T**HE Mickey Rooney divorce suit is going through. Ava is suing Mickey on the grounds that he has caused her "grievous mental suffering."

Mickey's friends believe that an out-of-court agreement may be reached on the property question. Ava receiving a settlement of \$31,250.



**FAREWELL TO CIVILIAN LIFE.** Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Brisson (Rosalind Russell) on the railway platform just before Freddie left for a U.S. Army camp. He is now on active service overseas.

## Film Reviews

a joy, and the others fit perfectly into their roles.—Liberty; showing.

### ★★★ THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, (Warners.)

**H**ERE is an almost word-for-word screen adaptation of a most delightful stage play. Written by Kaufman and Hart it is a satire on Alexander Woolcott, famous playwright and lecturer. Heading the cast is Monty Woolley as the sardonic, vitriolic Sheridan Whiteside, who takes over a mid-west household.

Gloriously at home, wickedly dominating, "Whitley" interferes with everybody in the house just to pass the time—and tries to wreck the romance of his secretary (Bette Davis) with a reporter (Richard Travis), merely to save himself discomfort. The casting is superb. —Century; showing.

### ★★★ THE LADY HAS PLANS

Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, (Paramount.)

**C**OMEDY, drama, and romance are skilfully blended in this topical war story about an American girl correspondent in Lisbon who is mistaken for a Nazi spy with secret plans tattooed on her back.

Paulette Goddard plays the girl assistant to radio war correspondent Ray Milland, and the pair eventually uncover the Nazi spy ring. The climax has suspense, the players are adequate. They include Roland Young as a British consul; Albert Dekker as the sinister Nazi consul—Prince Edward; showing.

### ★★ SMILIN' THROUGH

Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, (MGM.)

**A**LTHOUGH the story is a little sombre and dated, this musical drama offers magnificent technicolor.

The singing, however, rather weakens the drama, for Jeanette, in typical operetta fashion, breaks into song on almost every possible occasion.

The tearful story, of especial appeal to women, follows closely the two previous film versions.

Co-starred with Jeanette are Brian Aherne and Gene Raymond, her real-life husband. Raymond, being particularly good. Aherne, however, does not sufficiently convey the tragedy of his role.—St. James; showing.

### Shows Still Running

★★★ **Joan of Paris.** Poignant drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid.—Embassy; 6th week.

★★ **Bedtime Story.** Fredric March, Loretta Young in light-hearted comedy.—State; 3rd week.

★★ **Ball of Fire.** Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck in attractive whimsy.—Regent; 2nd week.

★★ **Roxie Hart.** Witty satire, starring Ginger Rogers.—Plaza; 2nd week.

★ **Ride 'Em, Cowboy.** Abbott, Costello, less comical than usual.—Lyceum; 2nd week.

★ **Tuttles of Tahiti.** Charles Laughton in over-artless island romance.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

## Australian tour planned by Rosalind Russell

Special cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

Rosalind Russell has applied for permission to visit Australia on an entertainment tour for the troops.

"I am very anxious for foreign service, and I believe I have a fifty-fifty chance of getting permission," stated Rosalind in a personal interview this week.

**O**THER stars are allowed to tour England, so why not Australia?" she demanded.

Rosalind's own husband, Freddie Brisson, is "somewhere overseas" on active U.S. Army service. She herself has been touring American army camps, giving shows for troops between pictures.

"I would also like to see Australia, as I am going to star in Sister Kenny's life story for RKO," continued Rosalind. "I feel that if I visited your great country I could absorb the atmosphere and so help my portrayal of an Australian woman."

The star pointed out that her "Life of Sister Kenny" would not go into production until next year, and so

her Australian visit could most suitably be made first.

She told me enthusiastically of her Australian plans over tea in her dressing-room at RKO, where she is at present playing a woman aviator in "Stand By to Die."

Herbert Marshall actually brewed the tea for us, using his own favorite English brand. "This Australian angle is affecting us all," he commented. "I made tea yesterday for several visiting R.A.A.F. fliers!"

He and Rosalind, in discussing "Stand By to Die," said that the story closely parallels the experience of Amelia Earhart—although RKO denies that the film is based on the flier's life. Fred MacMurray plays a character resembling Noon, and Herbert Marshall is the plane designer.





## Movie World

Typical of Hollywood's 1942 bathing girls are the decorative starlets on this page. Marie MacDonald (above), of Universal, so attractive in her blue suit, happens to be a keen and adept swimmer.

★ ★ ★

Slender, poised Brenda Joyce (above right), Twentieth Century-Fox, is at twenty-one a Hollywood army wife—her husband, former accountant Owen Ward, has the rank of lieutenant.

★ ★ ★

Another study of picturesque Marie MacDonald (right, in dashing Victory fabric suit) who, like all movie actresses to-day, must snatch her leisure in between war work and movie making. Former nightclub singer, Marie now sings in U.S. camps, also knits for soldiers.







**1 IN SPITE** of protests from Nutsy (Claude Rains) and Tiny (Thomas Mitchell), dock worker Bobo (Jean Gabin) insists on going off on drunken spree.



**BRILLIANT** French actor Jean Gabin makes his Hollywood debut in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Moon tide," which was produced by Mark Hellinger. Its plot is based on Willard Robertson's best-selling novel. Gabin plays an itinerant dock worker in California, who for years has had no home, and whose chief interest is in getting drunk, until he meets and falls in love with another harbor wail, Ida Lupino. Their romantic idyll is nearly wrecked by Thomas Mitchell, playing an unpleasant, blackmailing waterfront character.



A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a close, intimate pose. The man, on the left, is wearing a plaid shirt and looking down at the woman. The woman, on the right, is wearing a patterned dress and looking up at the man. They are standing in front of a stone wall.



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M.G.M. STAR



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Prizes: Readers need not claim prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



# Waste not, Want not...

That's an old proverb—and it's a good one. It's even better than ever nowadays, since the Government has warned us that we are facing a food shortage. Waste of any kind is a weapon in the enemy's hands.

Of course, very few people are purposely wasteful. Most of the time it is just lack of thought in buying, or in cooking—or in not cooking! And that brings us to those lovely green peas...

How often have you cooked their shells? "Goodness", we can almost hear you saying. "Cook the shells—what on earth for?" Cooking experts will tell you that if the shells of peas are young and tender, you can boil them, crush, strain them, and the puree makes simply delicious pea soup. And pea soup is just crammed full of those valuable calories, vitamins and proteins we all need so much nowadays.



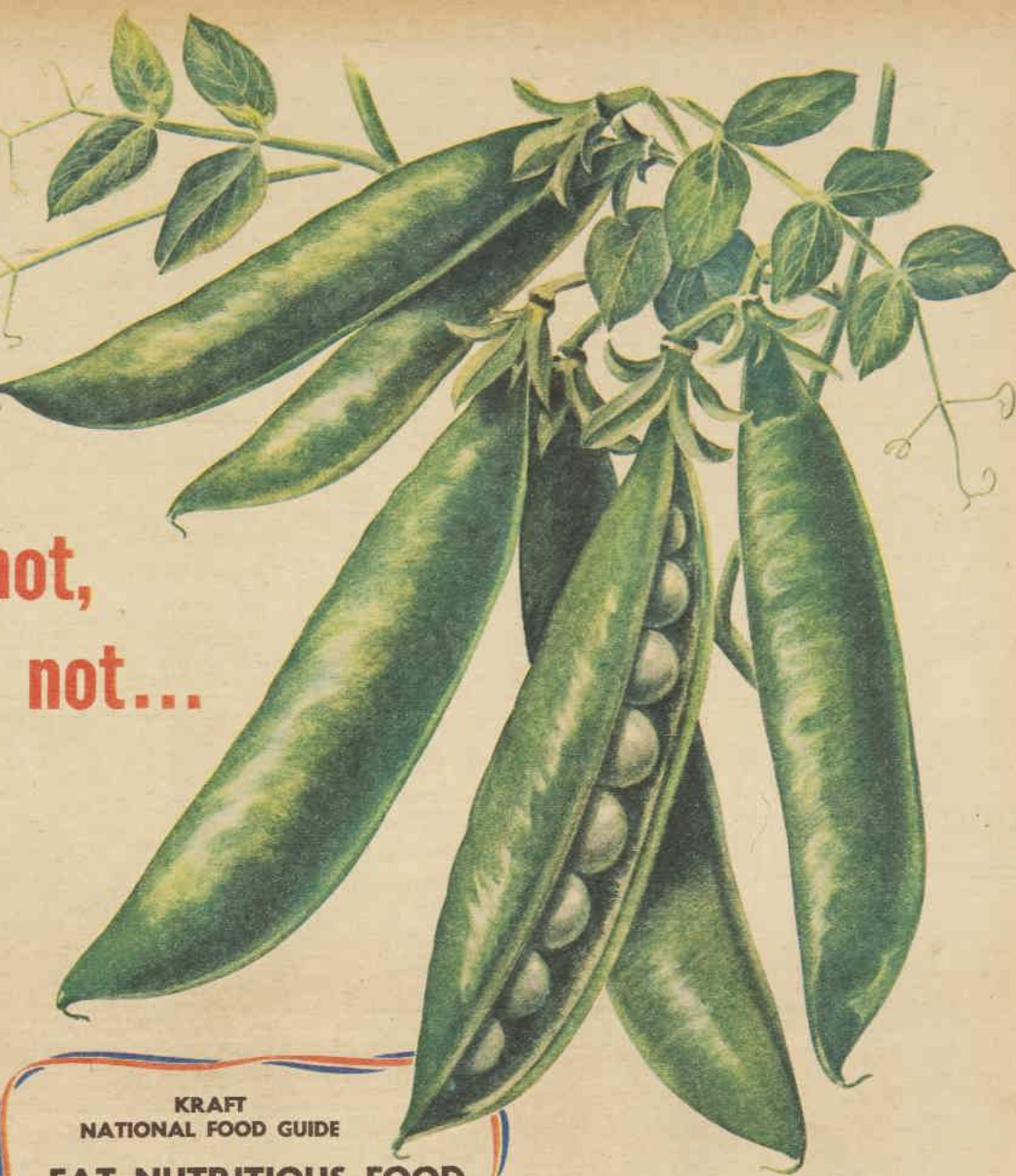
## Don't throw away Bread

Don't throw away those last slices or crusts from a stale loaf of bread. Put them in the oven to dry them thoroughly, then roll out into breadcrumbs and store them in a tightly covered jar. Or—cut the crusts into match sticks, fry them in deep fat just like potato chips, then drain and serve them hot with creamed spinach or cauliflower. Or—serve those golden slices straight out of the oven just like toast. You can have them with any meal at all, but eat them crisp without butter.

Don't throw away sour milk or cream. Use it for cooking. It will make very tasty gravy. If you've never tried muffins or scones made with sour milk or sour cream, then you've got a grand surprise coming to you!

## More Ways of Saving Food

When you have some slices of chicken, pork, lamb, mutton or beef left over,



## KRAFT NATIONAL FOOD GUIDE

### EAT NUTRITIOUS FOOD

Every day, eat this way

#### MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

At least a pint for everyone—more for children—or 1 oz. cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

**GREEN VEGETABLES**... Salad greens at least once a day and in this category include raw cabbage.

**OTHER VEGETABLES**... Potatoes, other vegetables in season, some cooked, some raw.

**FRUIT**... Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit and other fruits in season.

#### MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

Most important nourishment for all the family—Cheese is an excellent alternative.

**BREAD and CEREAL**... As much wholesome bread as required or whole grain cereals.

**EGGS**... At least 5 or 4 a week cooked any way you choose or in "made" dishes.

**SPREADS**... Butter for Vitamin A. Vegemite for Vitamin B, and other spreads.

Remember always that Kraft Cheddar Cheese is rich in vitamins, proteins, calories and the milk minerals.

you can easily turn them into a delicious and nourishing meal. Just make some light fritter batter, half an hour or so before the meal, and let it stand for a while. Then dip the slices of meat into the batter and fry in deep fat until they

are a lovely golden brown. Serve with peas, carrots, lettuce, tomato or a salad. Here's another practical idea... Why not keep three separate left-over dishes in your refrigerator? One for fruit, one for vegetables and one for meats. Then,

when they mount up you have the makings of an appetising vegetable casserole, savoury baked dishes or croquettes.

There are dozens of different ways for you to use left-over cooked vegetables. For instance, if you have peas, spinach, celery or carrots, you can turn them into a delicious cream soup this easy way: Just rub the vegetables through a sieve, then heat them in milk or thin cream, season with pepper and salt, thicken the mixture at the last moment with the yolk of an egg and serve hot with a garnish of shredded cheese.



## Main Course Dishes from Left-overs

You'll find that by always having Cheese on hand in your kitchen you'll be able to save lots of other foods that

you normally would throw away. Just the addition of cheese can turn left-over meats and vegetables into nutritious, tasty and inexpensive main-course dishes.

The basic need for your daily diet is to provide sufficient body-building food elements and proteins for the development of strong muscles and firm flesh. That's why cheese is so essential.

Cheese is the most highly concentrated protein food you can buy. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, for instance, is a first-class protein food, and is also rich in vitamins and mineral elements which are essential for good health... rich in Vitamin A, the vitamin which helps build up resistance to colds and flu... rich in the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, which play a leading part in the building of bones and teeth. That's why food experts recommend the use of Kraft Cheddar in everyday menus.

So regard cheese as a useful friend in the kitchen, one that can help you not only to prepare nourishing and delicious meals, but can also help you to cut down waste, and so to help our War Effort.

This is the third of a series of articles issued by the Nutrition Department of the Kraft Walker Cheese Company to help Australia's war effort. The purpose of these articles is to explain which foods are protective and the best way to cook and serve them.





## Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odo-ro-no which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odo-ro-no (for physical control varies) . . . but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odo-ro-no, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odo-ro-no is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths: "Regular," the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Insant," milder for women with especially sensitive skin.



# ODO-RO-NO

1/1, 2/2 and 3/3



## Every penny counts . . .

Even the penny for those wishful thoughts—those serpent suggestions that a little self-indulgence would give a fine fillip to home-front morale.

The days of fine feathers are behind us—and ahead. Yesterday we might be lavish, tomorrow freedom will come again.

Meanwhile, let us hold our heads high above our wartime woad and save our pennies until conscience calls 'all clear.'

The key to liberty is in our hands. The more we save, the sooner we regain our heritage. And with it the right to buy as many Tootal fabrics as we choose.

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# Darling coat for baby

- No lovelier gift has been designed for a little Australian than this hand-knitted model.

**MATERIALS:** Five balls "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof baby wool (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 11 and 13; a spare needle; 4 small buttons; silk for rosebuds.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 13ins.; chest, 20ins.; length of sleeve seam, 7ins.

**Tension:** Eight sts., 1in.; 10 rows, 1in.

### BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 180 sts. Work 20 rows st-st., then make a hem as follows: Using a spare needle pick up the cast-on sts. and, holding both needles together, k tog. 1 st. from each needle to end of row. Continue in st-st. and when work measures 10ins. k 2 tog. along row. (90 sts.).

**Next Row:** Cast off 5 sts., k to end.

**Next Row:** Cast off 5 sts., k 1, \* k 1, k the next st. double by knitting into the st. below, not the st. on the needle, repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 2, \* k next st. double, k 1, repeat from \* to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Continue in double knitting (as last 4 rows) without decreasing, and when armholes measure 3ins. cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work 20 rows st-st., then make a hem. Continue in st-st., casting on 4 sts. at centre

front on the 1st row after the hem to form hem for front. When work measures 10ins. k 2 tog. all along row to last 6 sts., k 6. (50 sts.)

**Next Row:** Cast off 4 sts., k to end of row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 5 sts., work in double knitting to end of row.

Continue in double knitting and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 rows. When armhole measures 3ins. cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row until decreased to 26 sts. Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles cast on 45 sts. (K into back of sts.).

**1st Row (wrong side):** K.

**2nd Row:** \* K 1, k next st. double, repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K.

**4th Row:** K 2, \* k the next st. double, k 1, repeat from \* to last st., k 1.

Repeat last 4 rows for 14ins. Change to No. 11 needles, k 1 row, knitting twice into every st. P 1 row.

Continue in st-st. and when work measures 7ins. k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 38 sts. K 2 tog. all along next row. Cast off.

**COLLAR:** Using No. 11 needles, cast on 65 sts. Work in double knitting for 3ins. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press the st-st. lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves around armholes. Fold collar in half and sew around neck. Stitch back hems down centre-fronts. Sew buttons on left-front, and buttonhole small loops on right-front for buttonholes. Work rosebuds on collar.



THREE coupons plus wool and your handwork . . . Do knit your babe this snug coat. Complete directions for making are given at left.

## For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM.

### Controlling fear in little children

IT is a well-known fact that tiny babies have two fears which may be said to be universal—the fear of being dropped (a sense of insecurity) and the fear of loud, sudden noises.

Usually little children have no fears, but the sense of fear is often communicated to them by adults who are afraid for them.

Many tests have recently been made, and it was found that children up to three years of age had no real sense of danger or fear, but simply reflected the behaviour and reaction of their mothers in times of danger.

More than ever in these uncertain times should children be given a sense of security, and not have fears unnecessarily communicated to them.

The calmness or otherwise of the parents influences the little child enormously.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## Flower-garden VEGETABLES

• To-day homelovers are growing peas instead of petunias; beans, lettuce, and potatoes instead of lupins and candytuft . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

I HAVE seen gardens recently in front of big homes filled with silver beet, cabbages.

Contrary to all my expectations, plants were not unsightly and did not look out of place.

Every housewife should be so war-conscious as to spend a lot of time in the garden seeking channels whereby she can raise food for her family. The established roses and other beautiful shrubs can be left standing, and the vegetables grown where the verbenas used to thrive.

The roses will be all the better this season for the extra food you will give the ground for the vegetables, and therefore this austerity campaign will be reflected in prosperity.

And now that spring is here, and growing weather is being experienced, the home gardener should take every opportunity to sow and grow more food. Open, sunny positions, too big to cultivate, can be made productive by merely cutting out a yard square of turf, filling it with compost and manure, and sowing a few pumpkin or long-keeping squash seeds.

### Grow them anywhere

TRELLISES and wire fences, old stumps, bare walls, paling fences, rocky outcrops and low cliff sides can all be used by the gardener for the production of chokos, passion-fruit, climbing beans, Solomon Island beans, logan, young, and new berries, while sunny spots at the foot of fences will produce many fine tomatoes, rosellas, jam melons, tree tomatoes and other varieties suitable for jam and preserve making.

Pickles, too, should not be overlooked, for there is likely to be a scarcity in shops and stores. Gherkins, potato and tree onions, garlic, horse-radish, beets, small beans, peas, tomatoes, cauliflower, and red cabbage can be easily grown in the home garden for the pickle-maker.

The herbaceous borders of any flower garden can be used to raise many of these plants, and results should be even better in such positions because the land will be more fertile than if virgin lawn is dug up and used.



ABOVE: Big-hearted lettuce among the daffodils in a suburban garden. Along the side fence in this reader's garden thrive peas and cabbages. As well as vegetables, herbs can be grown in the flower garden with success.



# Charm

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Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Cream.



For you—whatever your type—there's all the charm of a radiant, youthful complexion in every box of "Three Flowers" Face Powder. "Three Flowers" is lighter, finer, won't "cake" or streak, veils any skin blemishes and accents your natural beauty.

Available in five shades to suit all types at Chemists and Stores everywhere.

## three flowers

FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

RICHARD HUDNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY



Do care for...

## YOUR EYES

● They slave for you all through the day... so treat them well.

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

YOU know, we do take our eyes for granted. How many of us care for them as we should?

How many of us bathe them regularly, wear protective glasses in glaring sun or biting wind, sew, knit, read under proper light?

Keep a good lotion by you and bathe your eyes daily. The eye-bath you use must be scrupulously clean, and fresh lotion must be used for each eye.

If you use a lotion at bedtime you can bathe your eyes in the morning in cold water.

The cold water will help to strengthen as well as brighten your eyes.

Wrinkles round the eyes can do more than anything else to age the face.

You must, of course, have a good cream for these lines, and it must not be heavy or sticky. To make it absorbent warm it a little before putting it on.

When it is soft and warm, pat it into the skin. The direction you must follow is out over the top lids towards the temples and back towards the nose along the lower lids.

The skin here also needs tightening and bracing, and so, every morning after washing, you should soak a small piece of cotton-wool in witch-hazel and dab all round the eyes with this. Leave the liquid to dry on.

Twice a week try to lie down for half an hour with gauze pads soaked in witch-hazel placed over your closed eyes.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

Give  
**STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS**

John Steedman &amp; Co., Welbourn Rd., London, Eng.

FEEL BRIGHTER,  
MORE CONFIDENT—

Imagine—in one minute you can shake off that tired, depressed, worn-out feeling, caused perhaps by war-strain, overwork, and business or personal worries.

Yes, WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect. WINCARNIS is a nourishing blend of choice, rich wine and two fortifying vitamins. The wonderful effectiveness of WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic," is supported by over 26,000 recommendations from medical men. It builds up your system, by bringing new strength to your brain and nerves from the very first glass. You feel brighter, more alert. Your normal snap and vim return. Cares and worries go. Life seems sweeter—worth enjoying once again. Give yourself a chance to win through to new health and confidence. Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS to-day.

## More coupon-savers

● Reader washed, unpicked, turned, and pressed old suits and then made the children's garments shown at left.

NOT a day passes without some splendid coupon-saving ideas from readers.

Many, naturally, are duplications of the same idea. That is to be expected, for wives and good mothers are enterprising people and are awake to the possibilities attached to worn shirts, pyjamas, trousers, coats and the like.

The coupon-saving idea illustrated left wins this week's £1 prize for Mrs. Emily de Plater, of Parramatta.

She writes: "Please find enclosed photo of my son wearing blazer and trousers and my daughter wearing tunic cut from my husband's cast-off railway clothes. He is now in the A.I.F."

"I turned material after washing, pressed, and carefully darned a couple of holes with threads of material. I used old garments as patterns after unpicking same."



THIS frothy-looking front was made from ribbon scraps and lace. It wins 5/- prize for reader.

"In making tunic I used 2 pairs of trousers. Back and front skirt are in 3 pieces, each with a seam under each pleat. I could only get 2 pleats out of material. Back and front of trousers had a few spots of paint which went right through and spoilt the material. Therefore I had to avoid these blemishes in cutting. Also, I cut a deep, plain yoke and a wide belt, not to make it look too high-waisted."

Mrs. de Plater enclosed diagrams, but unfortunately we have not the space to publish them.

## FROTHY FRONT

A new front can do wonders for a dress or suit. The very attractive one shown above was made from scrap-bag silk, ribbon, and lace. But it could be made from pieces of silk or muslin, organdie, linen.

Miss A. Ryland, of Victoria, earns a 5/- prize for this coupon-saver. Foundation (see diagram below) was made from an old tennis frock. Three 3-inch-wide pieces of ribbon, 12 inches long, were gathered to 5½ inches, tacked, and then sewn to foundation. Ribbon, cut on cross, binds neckline. Tapes were attached to tie and previously used lace sewn on last of all.

Now send in your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

Sketches and diagrams or photographs and negatives plus diagrams and full description of the made-over article or renovation must accompany each entry.

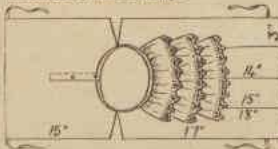


DIAGRAM of front described and pictured above.

ABOVE: These lovely eyes looking dreamily out upon a disturbed world belong to Jane Randolph, RKO Radio player. But your eyes can be beautiful, too. Bathe them twice a day, do not overtire or strain them; keep yourself fit, and they'll shine like the stars. In summer you should wear sunglasses. They protect the eyes from glare and dust, and help to keep them clear, healthy and sparkling.



"Hard work?... not when you use my cleanser!"

You don't have to scrub and work hard to make baths and kitchen sinks shine—when you use Bon Ami. For Bon Ami does not rely on coarse grit for its effectiveness. Instead of scratching and dulling surfaces, it has a special polishing effect... helps keep porcelain smooth and new-looking. Try a can of Bon Ami once, and you'll use it always!

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the quick, safe cleanser  
for baths, and sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"

Play Safe!

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For Dangerous Influenza Colds!



AS SMART AND DURABLE AS COLOUR-FAST NILE HANDKERCHIEFS  
Manufactured by Pioneer Softwoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, Sydney.

Wise Wives husband  
their **BOVRIL**

Just a dash for cooking, just the merest film for sandwiches, please. Owing to shipping difficulties Bovril is very short just now. Use a little less each time, and so help make it go round. A very little Bovril makes all the difference.





## Taking the work out of week-end meals

• Office and factory workers look upon the week-end as a period of relaxation. But what of you—the home cook? You are tied to the kitchen preparing bumper meals. Why not relax, too? You can!

—Says OLWEN FRANCIS, B.A.

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE week-end is the time for rebuilding physical, mental, and spiritual energy . . . All three so essential for war-time power.

Good food and attractive food should be part of the week-end plan, but be clever and arrange your menus so that time spent in the kitchen is reduced to an absolute minimum.

Saturday morning is a good time for a cooking session, and let the children help. All dishes given on this page can be prepared on Saturday morning and served cold during the week-end, or hot after a few minutes' preparation and reheating.

### CLUB SALAD SANDWICHES

Cut a sandwich loaf in length slices and then into long triangular shapes. Toast slices for top and bottom on one side only. Arrange in three slices with filling between. Buttering bread is unnecessary if filling is moist, although the top toasted slice is buttered if the sandwich is served hot. Serve with garnish of salad greens and salad accessories (see picture on this page).

According to type of filling the sandwich may be served cold or piping hot (using oven, if necessary).

**Suggested Fillings:** Thick white sauce to which have been added chopped ham, chopped hard-boiled egg, chopped parsley, and mustard. In bottom layer place sliced ham and shredded lettuce. In top layer place sliced tomatoes and shredded cheese. Serve cold with mayonnaise in crisp lettuce leaf.

Mince cooked beef and moisten with mayonnaise. Add chopped parsley and spread on bottom layer. Cover with thinly-sliced pickled onion. On top layer place shredded raw carrot and turnip moistened with mayonnaise. Serve cold with lettuce and fruit chutney.

Fill bottom layer with water-thin tomato slices and chopped parsley, top layer with crisp hot bacon rashers, and top each sandwich with a fried egg.

### CASSEROLE OF DEVILLED MEAT BALLS.

Two cups finely-minced meat, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated apple, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup thick brown sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, horseradish or mustard to taste, if obtainable, pepper

and salt, flour, 1 pint thin, sharp brown sauce, 1 tablespoon sliced onion.

Combine meat, breadcrumbs apple, parsley, curry powder, thick brown sauce, vinegar and seasonings. Roll into floured balls. Store in refrigerator or meat safe until required for cooking (prepare Saturday morning for later in day or for Sunday).

When ready for cooking, heat the sauce and sliced onion (preferably browned first) in the casserole and then drop in the meat balls. If raw meat is used, cook gently for about 45 minutes; if cooked 20 to 25 minutes' heating should be sufficient.

### CRUSTED VEGETABLE SPAGHETTI

Two cups diced cooked vegetables (as carrots, parsnips, celery), 1 large skinned tomato, 1½ cups cooked spaghetti or noodles, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs mixed with 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessert-spoon of fat or butter.

Heat the fat in frying-pan and sprinkle with half the breadcrumbs and cheese. Combine the vegetables, spaghetti, and beaten egg, and pour into pan. Cover with remainder of crumbs and cheese. When crisp and brown on the bottom, turn with an egg-slice. Mark into wedge-shaped service pieces. Slip on to a hot plate and serve piping hot.

### EGGS MORNAY

Four to six hard-boiled eggs, 1 pint good white sauce, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped eschallot, 2½ tablespoons grated cheese with good mature flavor, browned crumbs, little butter, toasted fingers, lemon and parsley for garnish.

Slice eggs and reheat in sauce with the eschallot and 2 tablespoons cheese. Pour into a large oven dish or individual dishes. Sprinkle with browned crumbs and remainder of cheese and dot with butter. Reheat and brown in oven or under grill. Serve piping hot with toasted fingers and parsley-sprinkled lemon slices or thin lemon wedges.

### TWO-MINUTE COLESLAW

Shred the white heart of cabbage very finely. Immerse in boiling water to cover for two minutes. Drain well and season with pepper and salt and a little nutmeg. Sprinkle with chopped parsley when served.

### CHEESED POTATO CHIPS

Prepare potato chips by cutting, frying, and draining in the usual way. While very hot sprinkle with finely-grated cheese and glaze under grill or in oven.

### APPLE MERINGUE SQUARES

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 3 cups stewed and sweetened apple, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, almond or other essence.

Line a small swiss-roll tin with pastry, brush with egg-white and bake in a hot oven until crisp and brown. Fill while hot with the apple pulp into which the egg-yolks have been whipped. Whisk egg-whites until stiff, whip in sugar, and pile on the apple. Cook in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the meringue is crisp and lightly browned. Mark into squares, leaving in tin to cool.

### SALAD BRAN BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 1 tablespoon sugar (brown or white), 1 egg, 1 cup fine bran, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1½ tablespoons powdered dried parsley or powdered dried spinach or grass or 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Cream butter and sugar, and add well-beaten egg. Add flavoring and then bran and sifted flour. Knead lightly and roll out to a fairly thin sheet. Cut into circles and bake on a greased oven tray in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 12 minutes or until lightly browned and crisp. Cool on tray.

Note: These biscuits are delicious with salad or with cheese as dinner biscuits. They do not need buttering.

CLUB SANDWICHES are quickly-made, hearty fare. Served with hot soup and fruit they complete a happy menu for a week-end lunch or supper. See recipes on this page.

## Week-end menus

### Saturday supper

#### No. 1

Vegetable Cream Soup  
Toasted Club Salad Sandwiches  
Salad Greens  
Fresh Fruit  
Coffee.

#### No. 2

Casserole of Devilled Meat Balls  
Two-Minute Colelaw  
Hot Beetroot  
Celery and Cheese Salad  
Spiced Tea-Cake  
Tea or Coffee.

### Sunday "brunch"

(Coffee and Toast Only at Earlier Session)

#### No. 1

Chilled Grapefruit Juice  
Brain and Nut Croquettes  
Scalloped Tomatoes  
Cheesed Potato Chips  
Apple Meringue Squares.

#### No. 2

Hot Vegetable Curry  
Bacon Rolls  
Sliced Egg Garnish  
Green Salad  
Custard Crumb Pie  
with Fruit Salad Garnish.

### Sunday night tea

#### No. 1

Hot Eggs Mornay  
Salad Plate  
(Pineapple, Celery, Carrot, Diced Beetroot, Greens)  
Salad Bran Biscuits  
Orange Coffee-Cake  
Caramel Cornflour Shape  
Fruit Cup.

#### No. 2

Crusted Vegetable Spaghetti  
Tomato and Cucumber Salad  
with Brown Bread Fish  
Sandwiches  
Orange Jelly Foam  
Apple Cup Cakes  
Coffee.



## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made  
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. "Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

## For the LION'S SHARE of fun...



...try modelling with Plasticine. This amusing and instructive hobby quickly brings to light hidden creative talent. Hygienic, and easy to work. Ask at your local store.

## Plasticine

Agents: Pondorff, Newman & Benson, 234 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE & 56 York Street, SYDNEY

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Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, eczema, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

**Nixoderm now 2/-**

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Guard the loveliness of your smile

Start Today with  
**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE



★ Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly, but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana on to your gums. SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

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## Inexpensive, attractive RECIPES FROM READERS

● Enter your favorite recipe in our competition now. Let as many as possible enjoy it. This is the era for sharing good recipes.

THE recipes published below have been chosen as the best of a week's entries. Each week £1 is given for the best recipe received, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded to all others published.

Simple, tasty, and rather brief recipes form the selection for this page.

The savory ones are inexpensive and appetizing, the sweet ones well worth trying. Eggs and more eggs are finding their way back into our recipe lists. Remember, with a little management sugar quantities in most recipes can be lessened.

### TOMATO PASTE

Half-pound ripe tomatoes, 1oz. butter, 2oz. grated cheese, 4oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg, a little grated onion or onion salt, pepper and salt to taste.

Blanch and skin tomatoes, slice and place in saucepan with butter; simmer 5 minutes. Add other ingredients and cook slowly till it thickens. Delicious on sandwiches or as an accompaniment to crumbed chops.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Gordon, Gira, Qld.

### RHUBARB SUPPACOO.

(This recipe comes from the English Riviera).

Peel and cut bunch rhubarb into 1-inch lengths and stew with sugar to taste, the grated yellow rind of an orange, 1 teaspoon tapioca, and 1 tablespoon cold water. When soft, beat all to a pulp with a fork. Whisk 2 egg-whites very lightly and fold into the cool rhubarb pour into a glass dish, and serve with blanch-mange, junket, or custard. Served in individual glasses with dabs of fluffed cream on top, there is no nicer delicacy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Point Rd., Huntley's Point, N.S.W.

### ORANGE PANCAKES

Two ounces flour, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, pinch of salt, 1 orange, 12 drops orange essence (optional). Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately, then mix them; add



BREAKFAST for the bachelor girl, Ann Miller, RKO star. The wise lass knows good food is less expensive than illness. She starts the day with fruit juice and an egg. She adds toast, honey, coffee.

salt, orange essence, and grated rind of orange. Beat in flour gradually, until perfectly smooth. Then mix in milk and leave aside for at least one hour before frying. Fry pancakes in lard or butter, and serve with cut orange and sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, 10 Gilderthorpe Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

### TRANSATLANTIC OMELET

Four eggs, 1 large cup breadcrumbs, 1 heaped teaspoon chopped eschalot, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley.

Beat yolks and whites of eggs separately. Bring milk to boil and pour over breadcrumbs and butter. Stir well, add parsley and eschalot. Mix in beaten whites. Pour into well-buttered pan, watch that it does not cook too quickly and burn. When almost set, put under grill to lightly brown top. Fold over and serve at once. Enough for 2 or 3 persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McSharry, 10 Cowley St., West End, Townsville, Qld.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:



"GOOD MORNING to you," says pretty Maureen O'Hara, of RKO. Note her immaculate suit. To keep yours fresh, brush every time you take it off. Clean and press regularly. Sun it weekly.

SUGAR-SAVER: Put sugar in tea-cups before pouring.

WHEN washing very soiled kitchen cloths, add a little turpentine to the soaking water.

HAVE you noticed that when you shorten sleeves of a long-sleeved frock it takes on a new lease of life?

TIME-SAVER! Stand spoons and forks in boiling water after washing. Dry while hot and note the sparkling polish!

### POTATO SUBSTITUTE

(or helper-out)

One cup cooked split peas (or lentils), 1 cup cooked pumpkin (or rice or 1 potato), 1 cup wholemeal breadcrumbs, parsley, 3 eschalots, 1 teaspoon butter, pepper and salt to taste.

If split peas are used, soak overnight; cook till soft, add pumpkin (or rice or mashed potato), add wholemeal breadcrumbs, chopped eschalots, chopped parsley, butter, pepper, salt, and reheat for 5 minutes. If too wet, add more breadcrumbs. Excellent for cottage pie also, especially with hamburger steak as a base.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. K. Johnson, 44 Tarrants Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

### ORANGE CAKE

Two tablespoons butter (4oz.), 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 heaped teaspoon baking powder, rind of 2 oranges, juice 1 large or 2 small oranges, 1 egg.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream. Beat in the egg-yolk, add juice and rind of oranges, then egg-white (stiffly beaten), flour, and baking powder. This is sufficient for 1 sandwich tin only. Cook in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Double the mixture for two long tins, and for a nice change add 1 tablespoon of red jelly crystals mixed in the mixture. Eats well, and looks nice.

When cold, cut V-shape, fill with mock cream, and place back on top. Ice with orange icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Daisy Hair, Moorland, Manning River, N.S.W.

## You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe you get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

**MURINE**  
For YOUR EYES  
SOOTHES · CLEANS · REFRESHES

## Burning Feet

New—3 Second—Relief!

Magic new vanishing foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh... cooling balants used by desert tribes to soothe feet tortured by fiery sands.

To-day these same healing unguents come in a scientifically-blended form to soothe and cool your feet when hot summer days cause burning, stinging, aching and throbbing.

Just smooth in fragrant cool Frostene... feel it draw out all the fire and pain... feel how it soothes inflamed congested nerves and tissues, reduces swelling, Frostene deodorizes and neutralises poisonous acid sweat.

Healing, greaseless and stainless, Frostene is the staunch aid of policemen, postmen, and those always on their feet. Get a generous magic-acting tube of Frostene to-day from your chemist. Rub in night and morning and enjoy the comfort of cool refreshed feet all through the hardest day.

## Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH Without Embarrassment

Eat, talk, laugh, or sneeze, without fear of false teeth dropping or slipping. FASTEETH keeps them firm and comfortable. This new fine powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Keeps breath sweet. Never, better than anything you've ever used. Get FASTEETH to-day any chemist. (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.\*\*\*



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2. Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.
3. Keep buying War Savings Certificates—16/-, 24, 28, £40.
4. Continue purchasing War Savings Stamps—6d. each.

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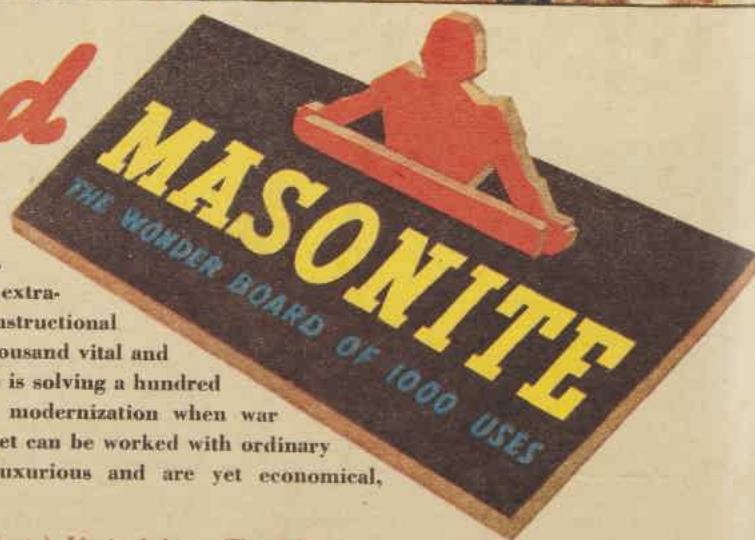




*they all need*

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